

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

Vol. IV.

EDMONTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909

No. 39

Alberta's Welcome To Lord Strathcona

"And did you see Strathcona plain, and did he stop and speak to you?"

In such words may we not query each other a few years hence? For in all probability, the stately white-haired man of eighty-nine who this week made such a remarkable tour to the west, looking in on Edmonton for the first time looked also his last. Eighty-nine does not often go astray, and to even so wonderful a vitality as Lord Strathcona possesses, must come an end. But I was not thinking of this phase of the case as I drove up to Government House to attend the public reception tendered by His Honor to Canada's High Commissioner. I was taken up rather with picturing the personality of the man regarding whom I had heard more diverse opinions expressed than of any other Canadian holding public office. He was a wonderful character, a tremendous power; he was a hypocrite, an opportunist, but for Lord Strathcona first, a man with a past. So had they spoken of him.

It was a very great occasion indeed for Edmonton, this visit of Canada's most well-known citizen. You knew it by the number of bon-fires that blazed forth in his honor on Monday evening. You knew it by the crowd of people who cheered him, the air of excitement pervading everything, by the address they got up for his benefit, poor old man, the dreaminess of it, but most of all, you knew it by the number and diversified degree of those who thronged the beautiful grounds of Government House on Tuesday afternoon merely to grasp his hand, and thus be able in after years to say, "I once met the old man, yes, many years ago in Western Canada. A fine-looking gentleman. He asked me about my father. He remembered him in the early days."

But for me, whose forbears had no association with the West, it was not so much the saying, "In such a year I met this man," so much as the entire mise en scene and above all the audience, which counted.

The setting was the beautiful grounds of Government House, open to the glorious sunlight that lay over and enveloped them, as with a mantle of gold. The scent of the last summer flowers was in the air, and here and there under the delicate, graceful poplars, comfortable chairs and seats were disposed in inviting positions, on which the sun spattered spots as if to emphasize his imperial dominion over even leafy shade and coolness.

At the entrance to the gate stood His Honor, the Governor, dressed in frock coat and snowy waist coat, the same kindly genial host who knew these four years back, and then I passed on by the flag-pole and saw an old man sitting on a bench, looking smallish among the little groups surrounding him. He was Father Lacombe, pioneer missionary to the West, come in from the mission to see his old friend, Donald Smith, now become a noble lord. Church meeting state.

For a space, there was time then to inspect the preparations made for the monster reception. At the south side of the house a large marquee had been erected, set with tables beautifully arranged with hop-vines, sweet peas and delicious light refreshments. On the sides hung large holding gold and white blossoms, while baskets of lovely bloom and great pots of flowers were disposed about. Here the three chapters of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, "Westward Ho," "Heaven House," "Mistaken" presided, Mrs. Standford and Mrs. Jack Anderson pouring tea and coffee, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Foris serving the salads, and Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Wells the ices, while a bevy of the younger daughters waited on the guests.

As they rose to say good-bye a look of final farewell was in the eyes of both. Somehow I felt as if I was assisting at a sacrament. Steadily for a moment or two they looked into each other's eyes. In proportion to the largeness of their action in this life it seemed to me was given largeness and security of vision at the end. For while there was a tender melancholy about the parting of these two friends seemed in some way to suggest tired children longing for sleep, rest. It was as if they had

dense and there was a chance to get a clear view of him.

The sun shone brightly down as he entered the gate, a remarkably majestic-looking man, in a frock coat with a tall gray hat, arm hung in a blue silk sling. On his still powerful and finely-erect figure, and on the wonderful, ruddy-bronzed face with the firm sweet mouth, startlingly young-looking eyes, great hatched eyebrows, and crown of beautiful snow-white hair. A remarkable face, whether belonging to plain Donald Smith or so big a man as the Lord-Strathcona.

It was a slight to remember how he advanced and grasped the Governor's hand and then turned to Father Lacombe, friend of a time when the bands weren't playing in his honor, or towns madly welcoming him or his accomplishments.

"Well! my old, old friend," he spoke in greeting, "indeed and it's glad I am to see you again."

"Young as ever, I see," (whimsically), "Father, are you never going to grow old?"

"Don't you go talking," responded the little man in the black cassock, "indeed your Lordship, you're not a day older yourself."

"We're still boys, I guess," said the Donald Smith who at the same time bears a noble title. "Come and sit up down, and we'll be having something to talk of."

And so those two commanding-looking old friends seated themselves beneath the trees and under the flag pole and while the band discarded inspiring music, turned back the pages in a book crowded with tragic and historic interest.

"They were good old times, eh, Father," with an introspective look, the noble head bowing to the memory of scenes and incidents we knew not of.

"Oul, oul, but 'yei," from the little Father.

"I remember —" but the voice sank for his companion's hearing only.

"I am desolated," said the round-faced priest, with the wise, puckered eyes and mobile mouth, "to see that you suffer. The arm — is it that it hurts much?"

"No," patiently, "it will soon be well." And then followed a history of the accident, which reminded Father Lacombe of a similar one to himself many years ago.

"It is that you can not punch—hit out, quite so strong as me" with a rough smile.

"Oh, well, you've had your share of fighting."

To me these two old men, the one just ninety, and his companion six years younger, conversing in happy intimate fashion, was a sight worth going many miles to see. Father Lacombe's anxiety lest His Lordship should tire himself, or that the sun should prove too strong, lent as sweet as the other's gentle assurance that "he was very happy—all right."

"That is like him, always," he explained to us, "he never complains."

And then the talk drifted on to incidents of the early days, seen and heard, gradually to Father Lacombe's Mission at Midnapore.

"You know about that little mission?" suggested this artless lover of his flock.

"Perhaps you like do little good. Out out of your great good heart, un petit souvenir, for that little mission."

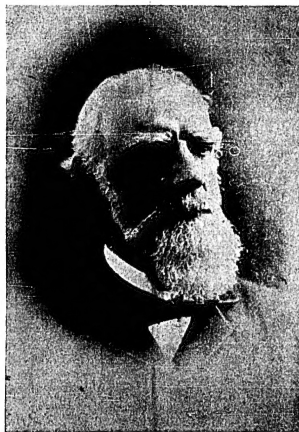
"You will never see it. Helas! Non, but you will know it do much, very much good."

"Write me to London," said the great man, who for many years had been bestowing so many souvenirs, that almost everyone who meets him has grown suspicious that when he shakes hands, gold pieces—souvenirs—fall into the one he clasps.

But now the crowd had reached such large proportions that His Honor reluctantly had to suggest that the reception had better begin.

"Then here I go," said the man of God, "I do not like it much—with frills."

As they rose to say good-bye a look of final farewell was in the eyes of both. Somehow I felt as if I was assisting at a sacrament. Steadily for a moment or two they looked into each other's eyes. In proportion to the largeness of their action in this life it seemed to me was given largeness and security of vision at the end. For while there was a tender melancholy about the parting of these two friends seemed in some way to suggest tired children longing for sleep, rest. It was as if they had



LORD STRATHCONA

Who received so hearty a welcome to Alberta this week.



A group taken during Tuesday's reception at Government House. Standing are Lieutenant-Governor Lyle, Premier Rutherford and Commissioner Chipman of the Hudson's Bay Co. Seated are Lord Strathcona and Father Lacombe.



Mr. G. P. Shaw of Calgary, golf champion of Alberta, who won the title at the tournament referred to on another page. In the background is to be seen a view of the Edmonton links.

said "Good-night, to-morrow we meet."

With the grace of a courtier raising Lord Strathcona's hand to his lips, the little priest was gone.

The tired expression My Lord had hitherto worn, deepened.

And now the great ordeal began. For two solid hours this wonderful old man stood here headed, while hundreds of old friends and absolute strangers filed slowly by. Always there was the kindly, gentle smile, a pat on the head for a baby, a "glad to see you, old friend," for those he had known in former days.

It was good to see him greet "Timber Tom"—"Timber Tom Anderson," a year his senior, as hale and hearty as many men twenty years his junior.

At last, however, all was over; with a word in parting to the Lieutenant-Governor, he stepped into his motor and was whizzed away. What had he

thought of it all? What ideas had hurried and momentous crowded on this patient figure in the plain frock top hat, with the distinguished gray coat, who had played a strange and brilliant part in the picturesque and chequered history of this new and boisterous country? What significance lay in the calm, introspective eyes, and the mechanic fondling of the injured arm? Who shall say what His Lordship thought of it all? Perhaps he was glad to return West to the scenes of more strenuous days to receive the respectable degree of a University in place of the brickbats of certain former occasions. Perhaps he even regretted the calm following the storm of restless spirits who find action of any sort preferable to waiting. Whatever he thought, he very surely the unfathomable eyes and great overhanging eyebrows kept their secret.

(Continued on page 10)

NOTE AND COMMENT

The past week has been a notable one both at home and abroad. Alberta has entertained in a manner which was the essence of heartiness, a number of most distinguished visitors. Lord Strathcona was given a welcome in the larger cities of the province fully in keeping with his great career and his splendid services to Canada and the Empire. On their way through to the east, the members of the British Association visited Calgary and on their return trip to Winnipeg are spending several days in Edmonton. In the latter city the newspaper men of Alberta and Eastern British Columbia have been holding a strikingly successful convention, the leading feature of which was a visit from the most successful and most widely known of British journalists, Lord Northcliffe, founder and proprietor of the London Daily Mail and for some months past in control of the Times.

Abroad, we have seen what will probably prove the most acute scientific controversy of modern times launched. About two weeks ago Dr. Frederick Cook announced that he had discovered the North Pole, arriving there in April, 1908.

Now right on the heels of this announcement comes one from the veteran of polar expeditions, Commander Peary, that he reached the goal of his many efforts last April, exactly a year after the date named by Dr. Cook. He goes further and disputes the claims made by his rival. Peary's past achievements are undoubtedly such that the world must wait before Cook is given the honor that he asserts his title to.

An event of immense significance in the financial world of this continent is the death of Mr. E. H. Harriman, controller of many thousands of miles of American railways and the greatest figure that railway finance has yet produced. The eagerness which news regarding his condition has been awaited for weeks past indicates the position of immense influence which he held. At time of writing the amount of disturbance in the stock market that his death will cause is yet to be seen.

The visit of Lord Strathcona is dealt with at length elsewhere in this issue. To the writer the most significant fact in connection with it was the wonderful feat of physical endurance which our distinguished guest passed through as successfully. How many of the products of western Canada in the twentieth century expect to be able to undergo, in their nineteenth year, such an experience as Lord Strathcona has passed through during the last two or three weeks, without apparent ill-effects? "The great low land," now passed into history, could not compare with the golden west of to-day in material output, but it certainly produced men.

Another grand old man of the west was honored on Thursday at St. Albert when many men of distinction in both church and state joined in the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Father Lacombe, the pioneer missionary of Alberta. The little community did itself proud for the occasion, which will not soon be forgotten by those whose good fortune it was to be present. If ever a man was worthy of such a demonstration it is this kindly self-sacrificing old priest, whose name should be constantly revered through all the changing years to come.

The success of the convention of the Alberta and Eastern British Columbia Press Association has proven most gratifying to all those having the arrangements in charge. The large attendance, drawn from all parts of the great constituency it is designed to serve, and the keen interest in the proceedings, marks a new era in the history of the organization. In Mr. W. A. Buchanan, M.P.P., of the Lethbridge Herald a president has been found who represents the very best traditions in newspaper work. He is a man of high ideals, with the energy and capacity for bringing many of them into realization. As one sat at the banquet tendered the visitors at the Edmonton Club on Thursday evening, with the premier, two of his colleagues, and the mayor and prominent citizens around the board, in addition to the members of the association, it was impossible not to feel a large measure of pride in being associated with a profession so well represented in this new part of the Dominion and with such possibilities of future service. That the effect of this

annual gathering will be to deepen the sense of personal responsibility on the part of each individual journalist and to increase the prestige of the calling in a dozen different ways may be regarded as certain.

The arrival of Mr. W. R. Clarke, promoter of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, in Edmonton on Thursday, accompanied by the general manager of the road, Mr. E. A. James, formerly of the C.N.R. and Dr. Waddell, chief engineer, a man of great eminence in his profession, means the early commencement of an undertaking which, through opening up the great territory to the north is of immense significance to the province. Mr. Clarke gives assurance that surveys will be completed at once and that thirty miles of grading will be done this fall.

The revolt of the Western States, regardless of party connections against the issue of the tariff controversy at Washington, shows no sign of abatement. Our Canadian public men should look for a moment, lest of this development that is going on across the line.

In the rotunda of the Minnesota capitol of St. Paul a public reception is to be given at an early date to the senators and representatives of that state in congress who stood by their pledges during the five months' struggle over the tariff at Washington. The two senators, who are both Republicans, and all the representatives, Republican as well as Democratic, save only one, voted against the new tariff. Great preparations are being made for the reception, which will be an impressive demonstration of the sentiment of Minnesota against the dominance at Washington of the beneficiaries of the high tariff system, against which the other western states are equally in revolt with Minnesota. Says the Republican Pioneer Press:

"The story of the reception given to Minnesota's 'Heroic Ten' will be flashed to every corner of the Union. It will give heart to thousands of Americans, of whatever party, name, who are striving to redeem our land from the domination of privilege and plutocracy. Not impudently, too, as senators and representatives of other states who bent their knees to Cannon and Aldrich, that thrift might follow fawning-read of the honors heaped by Minnesota on her 'Heroic Ten,' and contrast these with the frosty welcomes which have met them in their own homes, some of them may be awakened to the folly of their betrayal of revision."

Lord Charles Hersford's recent declaration in Toronto is commended to those Canadians who would have us surrender the principle of Canadian control of Canadian expenditure in connection with our naval preparations. Lord Charles is an imperialist of the imperialists but this is what he said:

"Whatever share or part is to be undertaken by the overseas dominions, I am strongly of the opinion that whatever they like to do must be under their own control and administration. If the Government at home interferes in any way it will, I believe, place these dominions in what I call a subordinate position, in which they ought not to be. "Now, there is some idea I have heard of some danger arising from the dominions having their own fleet. That is a sort of cold argument. We have got to stand together, rise and fall together. It is thought that there is danger that the dominions may declare themselves independent. Well, if they do, who is going to oppose them? You don't suppose the old country is ever going to do it. We had a good lesson in the American colonies years ago. If the dominions should declare themselves independent the old country would be very regretful; they have a perfect right to do so, but from my point of view I don't believe there is a shade of a shadow of a chance of their doing so."

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The publishers of The Saturday News have during the past week been in the throes of installing new machinery, which will lead to the enlargement and general improvement of the paper. This accounts for the fact that we are a day late in publication, while the typographical appearance also suffers. Next week it is expected everything will be running smoothly, and that a paper will be issued which will compare favorably with any of its kind either in the older or newer parts of the continent.

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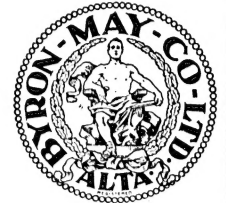
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THE PROVINCIAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

The annual provincial golf tournament, which takes place alternately in Calgary and Edmonton, was on the links of the latter club in the latter part of last and the first of this week. The entry was large and the contests keener than they have been in any other years.

Mr. G. P. Shaw of Calgary, one of the most finished golfers in the Dominion won the open championship of Alberta, his victories at every stage being comparatively easy. Dr. Colville, after working up a fine final by defeating a number of first-class men, including Sinclair, who defeated Hagie, one of Calgary's most likely aspirants, was in turn defeated by Shaw by nine holes in a thirty-six hole match.

In the night for the Mackay Cup, representative of the ladies' open championship, a series of surprises developed. Miss Brown, last year's winner, went down before Miss Lyle of Strone, by 6 up and 5 to play. In the final Miss Collett of Edmonton defeated Miss Lyle by 4 up and 2 to play.

Miss Brown won the open handicap, and the Edmonton Brexton Cup with the exceedingly creditable scratch score of 46. Mr. Goldwin Kirkpatrick won the corresponding contest for men on the morning of Labor Day, the entries for this event numbering close to fifty, probably the largest in any contest in the history of Alberta golf.

The mixed foursome handicap was won by Miss Brown and Mr. Hagie, and the ladies' foursome handicap by Miss Collett and Miss Matheson. In the qualifying round for the men's open, Mr. E. S. Wilson, of Calgary, established a record of 76 for 18 holes on the Edmonton links. The links were never in better condition and the tournament may be considered the most successful in all respects yet on record.

THE END OF THE BASEBALL LEAGUE

The Western Canada Baseball League, in the Edmonton Brexton Cup with the exceedingly creditable scratch score of 46. Mr. Goldwin Kirkpatrick won the corresponding contest for men on the morning of Labor Day, the entries for this event numbering close to fifty, probably the largest in any contest in the history of Alberta golf.

ALBERTA AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP

The competition for the A. A. A. championship commenced in good time on the morning of Labor Day, September 10, at Victoria Park, Calgary, and were expeditiously and neatly handled, the events being brought off in rapid succession in good order without delay or fuss. It was thus a pleasure to be present and to see the progress we are making in these matters.

There were no disputes and no unseemly wrangles, so the events passed off smoothly and nicely without a semblance of friction. The track was in good shape, but can hardly be called a fast track for foot racing, still some good times were made and many exciting finishes resulted. Fifty-six athletes entered for the different events from different parts of the province.

The hundred yards was the first to claim our attention, the first heat being won by Parney of Edmonton in 10.4 seconds with Haynes of Lethbridge, 2 yards behind, second. The second heat was won rather easily by Jenkins of Calgary and the third easily by Eric Maclean of Calgary. In the final it was a close finish between Jenkins and Maclean, Jenkins winning by about one foot, with Parney close up and not much space dividing any of the five, Colville having withdrawn. The time, 10.3 seconds.

In the juvenile yards the competitors were pretty well strung out. F. Hudson of Calgary coming right shot and the striker, C. Murray, being some way ahead of the third, F. Milne. Time, 12.1 seconds. The short put, 16 ft. All the competitors were from Edmonton, J. Cameron winning comfortably with a put of 38 feet 6 inches. In the hammer throwing J. Reidford had things pretty much his own way with a good lift of 116 feet 5 in., but in the 50 lb shot put J. Muir, another Edmonton man was four feet to the good over the other competitors. All the competitors in these three events hailed from Edmonton and are a great credit to their city.

good-sized field beaten off. Time 7.46.

The mile race showed the decided superiority of A. Decoteau, of Edmonton, at the distance for he went away from the start with a good, even stride, and was never headed, winning by about eighty yards. The only rival, E. McKay, was a long way behind D. Fraser second. The rest had given it up. Time, 39.1 seconds.

The high jump was a well contested event, all dropping out but Jenkins and Wallace, who had to have extra trials 5 feet 4 in., but it is hardly to say that Wallace, who was jumping very well at first, after becoming tired and was very much out of his advantage. Blar jumped well up to 5 feet 2 in.

In the half mile senior Williams, of Edmonton, made a run away race of it, with Colville leading A. Halvard till the home stretch was reached, when Halvard pulled up and passed Colville. Increasing his lead he was second by four yards. The time was good, 2:08. Williams running a strong race.

220 yards senior.—This brought out seven runners and resulted in a hard run race, in which W. Maclean, of F. S. Parney made it a dead heat, Jenkins being third, and the rest close up. Maclean was the only one claiming he had won, so the race was awarded to Parney.

The half mile junior brought out quite a brilliant young runner in Lee Dowd, Y.M.C.A., Calgary. Frank Milne led off, but was soon passed by Dowd, who ran away with the race and did as he liked in the time of 2:25.4, the third giving it up about two-thirds of the way.

In the five mile race Decoteau ran a fine race and the choice for first place was never in doubt and he finished strong in 28 minutes in seconds, or 30 seconds better than last year. The finish was left to three Edmonton men or rather two, and a boy for Murray third, who made a ding-dong race of it with the second M. Cagney, in a just manner.

The 440 yards senior race resulted in a fairly close finish. A. Halvard of Medicine Hat, winning by a yard from F. Jenkins, who was about two yards ahead of C. E. Smith. The time of 55 seconds was not fast, though all looked as though they had had enough of it at the finish.

The pole vault was taken by Jenkins, who was one inch ahead of Donald, of Edmonton, who equalled the record Jenkins beating it one inch.

The running broad jump was a victory for G. M. Cundall, of Manville, who had tried in other competitions and deserved his win, as he was some way ahead and beat the previous records by seven inches.

In the 420 yards hurdle race Haynes of Lethbridge, who had been doing good work in the sprints, but just missing the money, won in 27.2 seconds, the previous record being 31.1 seconds. Cundall was second.

F. Jenkins of Calgary won the medal and challenge cup for the highest individual number of points, and he certainly figured well as a good all-round athlete for in everything he went into he was there or thereabouts. The Edmonton team was a good one, and made a good record, making a clean sweep of the weight putting contests and figuring strongly in the longer distance runs, besides taking first in both junior and senior 200 yards an tide high jump. It was a pleasure to see a Manville contestant win, and also to record that the contestants from Medicine Hat and Lethbridge also did well. Calgary as a team needs to brace up.

A most successful meeting was brought to a close by an easy win for Edmonton in the relay race.

The Edmonton Rugby Football Club held their annual meeting last Thursday at the Cecil Hotel. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance, which augurs well for a successful season. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Hon. C. W. Cross; vice-president, V. H. Nightingale; R. Second, H. Brunton and C. H. Belanger; secretary-treasurer, D. L. Robinson; manager, Chas. Wilson. Committee, Paupst, Hal. Burnham and F. H. McPherson. Practices will be held at the club grounds every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and everybody is invited to turn out.

EDMONTON'S ANNUAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Quite the best tennis ever seen in Edmonton was witnessed at the Edmonton tennis tournament on September 4, 6, 7. The entries numbered over forty, Calgary alone sending up 5 gentlemen and 5 ladies, most of whom are experienced players. Special mention must be made of the play of Miss Sterling of Winnipeg, whose great control of the ball and easy grace were marked features of her play. Miss Toole and Miss Lee are very promising players and seemed to play better in each match. Mr. Morrison of Wauwatosa, more commonly known as "Dutchy", and Mr. Carlie of Wetaskiwin, are both experienced players and put up good class tennis. Of the Calgary gentlemen it is hard to characterize, but Mr. T. Holman stands out amongst the first class tennis players, one of his great features being his very excellent work with his left hand. Mr. Toole and Mr. King of Calgary both play very pretty tennis and are very popular. However, they go, both playing a very sporting game, as was seen in their game in the men's double when they were opposed by Nash and Robinson of Lethbridge, who, after a hard battle, succeeded in winning the match.

The first game of interest on Saturday was between Robinson and Carlie, the Wetaskiwin man finding the courts strange at first, but he well down to his game for one hour. In spite of this, however, he made some brilliant strokes, the ball travelling across the net at a great pace, his service being especially severe with lots of serve. Great credit is due to Robinson for defeating such a talented player.

Mr. Toole beat Mr. Dicks after a grueling game which ran into three sets apparently there being little to choose between the players. Mr.

Toole's head work winning him the match.

A remarkable game was played between Mrs. Bowdoin and Mrs. McDonald, running into three sets, the last calling 15-13, this match lasting over three hours and being a great strain on both ladies.

Campbell and Kinnear of Strathcona played a very pretty game against Jones and Radcliffe in the men's doubles and the match between Holton and Bellamy vs. Burnham and Dickey was worth going a long way to see.

In the mixed doubles the closest matches were Mr. and Miss Toole vs. Nash and Miss Pilot and Burnham and Mrs. Henwood vs. Seymour and Miss Jones, both these matches running into three sets and producing much class tennis.

On Monday one of the best matches was between Holman of Calgary and Morrison of Lethbridge in the open singles. Both men played pretty tennis and gave the spectators a great treat. Holman only won in the third set.

Some very spectacular games were those between Nash and Burnham in the open singles and between Carlie and Holman in the men's doubles, and Carlie and Miss McMahon vs. Holman and Miss Sterling in the mixed doubles.

Despite the hot sun of the afternoon Tuesday's tennis was followed by a gallery of spectators who were treated to some splendid exhibitions of the game.

The feature of the afternoon's play was the final in the gentlemen's open singles between Nash of Edmonton, and Holman of Calgary, winners of their respective divisions. The match started at 3.30 p.m. and play continued till dark. Nash won the first set 2-2 and Holman the next two 8-6, 6-4, the games standing 16 all. Both players were in splendid form, Holman using a cross right hand drive across the court with great effect, and was sure at the net. Nash relied on his back hand strokes and played the net a good deal. The two were very evenly matched, and the play at times was quite spectacular. The championship was won by Mr. Holman on Wednesday afternoon by winning the next set 6-3 from Mr. Nash.

The gentlemen's doubles was won by Holman and Tull, who defeated Nash and Robinson 6-2, 6-1 in the morning, and Campbell and Kinnear of Strathcona 6-4, 6-2 in the afternoon. Both games were first-class exhibitions. Campbell and Kinnear play well together.

The ladies' singles was won by Miss Sterling of Winnipeg, who beat Miss Pilot of Edmonton 6-0. Miss Sterling played remarkable tennis, taking ten consecutive games, the first six and four from the next set. Miss Pilot then entered the table for her opponent and won six of the next eight games, taking 5 straight. She seemed about to win the set but Miss Sterling took the eighth game and the match. Miss Sterling plays with great ease, using no particularly hard

strokes, but has excellent control of the ball and a good service.

Miss Sterling and Miss Lee won the ladies' doubles from Miss Pilot and Miss Jones in straight sets 6-3, 6-3.

In the mixed doubles Holman and Miss Sterling beat Nash and Miss Pilot 6-4, 6-2. The game was characterized by great smashing and driving, the ball travelling as far as in twice the number of ordinary games.

The men's handicap singles was won by Toole (1-2 15) who beat Robinson (scratch) 6-3, 6-2. Toole's defeat of Robinson owing him 1-2 15, was remarkable in that he lost to him in the open singles.

At the conclusion of the afternoon's play the prizes were presented to the winners by Mrs. Dickens.

The finest association football game of the season will take place this evening between the Calgary Canadians, champions of Canada 1907-8, and our own Canadians, champions of Northern Alberta. The game will be played at the baseball grounds.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATHCONA

At Holy Trinity Church, Strathcona, Ven. Archdeacon Gray, of Edmonton, will preach at 11 a.m., and the Very Rev. Dean Paget, of Calgary at 4 p.m. and at 7 p.m.

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Pianos

Attracting Shrewd Buyers

Our removal, Oct. 1st, to the Alberta Block, 423 Jasper Ave. W. where we will open one of the largest and finest piano stores in Canada with an entire new stock fresh from the manufacturers, has made it necessary to close out every instrument now on our floor before moving to the new location. To accomplish this, we have inaugurated a schedule of reductions for this sale that is without a parallel in the history of the piano business in western Canada, and applies to every instrument on our floor.

Giving tremendous discounts from our regular prices, which are always below the reach of small dealers and consignment agents, low prices, helping the pocket book, liberal terms making purchases easy, guaranteed quality, insuring satisfaction, has given an individual stamp to this house and made it possible for a large number of families with a moderate income to own a high grade piano.

We guard our reputation with jealous zeal, and those who call at our store will find this "not a trumped up scheme to dispose of a lot of second hand rubbish," but a bona-fide, price reduction sale of our regular stock, which consists of a large and varied assortment of the highest grade Pianos and Organs manufactured in the world, including the AUTONOLA, the greatest mechanical player piano on earth, THE NEW ART BELL, the Piano with the sweet tone, the Lachner, Bachman, Goetzmann and other standard makes at discounts which reduce the price in many instances to less than actual cost to manufacture.

***We have a large stock of strictly High-Grade
Organs ranging in price from \$25.00 up.***

Every instrument we sell is fully warranted by the makers and by the Masters Piano Co., whose guarantee is as good as a government bond, and the purchase money will be cheerfully refunded if every instrument sold does not prove to be exactly as represented.

If you intend to buy a Piano or Organ within the next five years, you cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Our new method of doing business is out of the ordinary. We own our goods and operate on a large scale, and sell on margins as close as your grocer.

Very easy terms of payment can be arranged when necessary and every courtesy will be extended to those who call whether they wish to buy or not. Mail orders solicited, and instruments for out of town customers will be selected by us with the utmost care, and satisfaction in every case absolutely guaranteed.

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[illegible]

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Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
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Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

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THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids with starched frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky;
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dew falls.
'Come back!'
I watch; I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart;
'Come back!'
Else shall I break my heart!
Am I forgot;
My days as they were not?
The warm, sweet, crooning tones,
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larksprings growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-books small;
The euphonia carved both in and out,
With curls, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Old folks you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay
roar;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
A charmed but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The pictures, crumbling, spiky, gold,
Brought in from the great world;
The dark, that held you all about;
The wind that would not go!

I had been thinking seriously of pack-
ing up and going "home" for a visit.
Why "home" though, I had never
stopped to think, until, repeating the
phrase to myself, with the actual pic-
tures of what the term signified, I
was brought to an abrupt start to real-
ize that I was talking of something
that had long ago ceased to exist.

There, to be sure, was the old
house. Blindfolded, a hundred years
hence, I could find my way to it. But
then these many years neither I nor
the faces framed all about me, "the
family" have ever laid our eyes on it,
or ever so much as surely known, who
now inhabits it. Another family
doubtless, are at present weaving the
ultimate threads about its rooms and
fireplaces. Its funny long halls, its gar-
dens, and coolish corners, where "we,"
those long, long years ago, bumbled
the dreams, and underwent the ex-
periences, that then and since, made
it "home" to us. As I realized this,
I turned again to scan the familiar
faces looking down upon me. Yes;
there I was myself as I had looked
then. Blue corduroy short dress, with
the scallops piped in red. There was
Granny dear, in rich black, with her
lovely ripply white hair, caught with
the tortoise-shell pins, I remember.
There my uncle, the aunts and their
daughters, and so on—the house itself—
between them all, "home," as real and
tangible as when I left it. But what
an in— Between, and what changes!

Young Albertans, No. 24



Photo by Burk
Ester Armitage, Donald street. Age 3 years

Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!
Not yet, not yet,
Can you forget—
For you, that are a man,
You battle not nor reap, you dream
nor plan;
And you are gray of look,
You can not pluck a rose, or read a
book,
Do aught for fame, or faith or tears,
But I am there with all my years.
O, one and all,
When at the eventfall,
Your slim girls slug out on the star,
Lo, I am there!
When blow the cherry boughs so fair
Athwart your slender town yards far
away,
Lo, all at once, you have no word to
say:
For at your throat a sharp, strange
thing—
An old house set in an old spring!

'Come back!'
Come up the still, accustomed, wist-
ful lands,
The poplar-haunted lands,
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set vine and loaf a-row.
'Come back!'
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more,
For I shall comfort you, oh, lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly
glad!
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
'Come back!'
And fall upon my heart!
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Last night, when twilight had fallen
(such beautiful twilights as they are
now!) my eyes wandered idly about
the little room I have grown to love,
until they fell upon the faces of the
men and women, and the house itself,
that all my life have spelt "home"
to me.

It is curious that at the moment

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18th, when I shall have on display all
the very latest New York and Paris
patterns. Something to suit everybody.

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\$54,694,882

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gains in other depart-
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(b) " Reserve - 948,268
(c) " Income - 302,571
(d) " Surplus - 348,296

while its ratio of expense
to income was smaller
than in previous years.

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At the Junction of the Bow and the Elbow

Calgary City Hall Problem The summer's great tourist traffic Many evidences of returning prosperity.

Twenty-four years ago we were just drifting back home to our several log domiciles after enjoying a summer drifting about looking up stray Indians and hordes or persuading them to be still and be good. Some of these log domiciles can be viewed in and about Calgary today and if you drift about behind some of the new buildings or poke about up-side streets and into back alleys you will find the marks of the pioneer's broad axe where he started to trim up his logs, then, in some cases, thinking this putting on too many fills, left things as they were to be just as happy till cut stone and cement pavements arrived. Is this what happened to the City Hall in a lesser measure, and does anyone really know why we stopped construction in the middle or rather when it was two-thirds done? At a council meeting held August 30th the following report was made by the city hall special committee and adopted:

"1. We recommend that the General Appraisal Company, of Seattle, be engaged to set a valuation on the work done by the contractor of the city hall, and also as far as it has gone towards completion in the hands of the city; also that the said company furnish an estimate of what it will cost to complete the said building according to plans and specifications, and that the work be performed at a cost not to exceed \$500,000 as per said company's proposal. The reason for submitting this recommendation is the fact that we have received splendid testimonials of the ability of the company to perform their work in a satisfactory manner.

"2. We further recommend that a sufficient number of carpenters be engaged to set the sash in the windows of the city hall so that the building can be closed in, thus saving as much damage as possible to the building."

As the matter is understood now it is that the appraisers are to be furnished with all the information possible as to the building as far as it goes, and that these appraisers will tell where the money, so far spent, has gone and how much is required to finish the building. It would seem to be a self-evident fact that the building must be finished and is a necessity to the city, but, evidently the objection some voters have to voting more money for the project is that they are not acquainted with the details of the project as far as it has gone. Someone has suggested a public meeting to discuss the matter. But do public meetings of this kind elicit much useful information? It is a pity that the details are published, and those who wish to discuss the matter have some real knowledge of what they intend to talk about. A mass of figures thrown suddenly at an audience for consideration seldom leads to any lucid discussion of the problem, as too many want to talk at the same time and the meeting ends in a muddle and nothing is done so no one is satisfied. After the publication of the appraisers' report and when the business men have had time to digest this, a public meeting might be called and the matter debated. Then those engaged in the debate might know what it was they were debating about. If the council makes things plainer to the ratepayers no doubt, though mistakes have been made or unforgotten expenses have exceeded the first estimates, a layman could be passed and the building finished. The situation as it is is an impossible one, for the city will lose more by abandoning the work than by finishing it even if it is to cost more money to do so. What seems to be required in the matter is more day-light, which would enable all parties to better understand each other.

One thing that really astounds a thinking person these days is the amount of travel that is going on to and fro. If we stand in the vicinity of the C.P.R. station and watch the people get off the trains, and others getting on, we are compelled to wonder where they all come from. One can see the fair, and the other are going to Seattle and the Seattle fair has been a great advertisement for Calgary and undoubtedly for Alberta, for it would seem that many Americans or other visitors have gone to the Seattle fair from the east with two objects in view, one to see the fair, and the other to come back through the Canadian Rockies and see western Canada on the way. There is something they will not miss and that is the acquiring of a good idea of the size of us, so they will be fully aware that if they wish to come back to see us, there is a place of room for all. It was a brilliant idea to have a fair in Seattle to advertise Western Canada. We tender our sincere thanks to Seattle in this matter and should not forget it in a hurry. The boundary mark has always been shown at present and there has been little or no quarrelling across it. This summer we surely have been working in unison. The effects of this season's travel on Alberta, especially is bound to tell a big tale in the years that are coming. Even our American cousins after this must have a healthy respect for us, in regard to the work that has been done in British Columbia and across the plains. Even then we have only just become well started.

The inauguration of a grain exchange in Calgary led to a good deal of discussion, for some people feared that because the immigrants had a disconcerting and themselves that the public was being bitten. For our own part we think it will be time enough for the public to holler when they're hurt. No one has been hurt yet, and we must always remember that it is one of our duties to do as our neighbor to keep our eye on him. If the public does get bitten it is often because it fails to take sufficient interest in its own affairs. The grain exchange can serve a very useful purpose if it runs well, and the work that it does cannot be duplicated by any other body of men in this region, at least as organizations are now. The exchange collects information from all over the world as to prices, visible supply, grain in motion or stationary and in its buying and selling operations, uses the prices of the world's markets as defined or worked out by information received and collected. If an exchange does not do this, who will?

After the professionals have bought wheat in the pit they have to obtain it for delivery. If the price does not suit the farmer he still has the unsalable right of keeping it in his bin, then the buyer who can not get what when he wants it has to sell it at his own difficulty himself. The same happens when a man sells and cannot deliver. At present an exchange is the easiest and best way we have of doing up the world's prices. The grain dealer is not the only man that sometimes plugs a car. The Calgary exchange means a market for Alberta grain within the confines of Alberta.

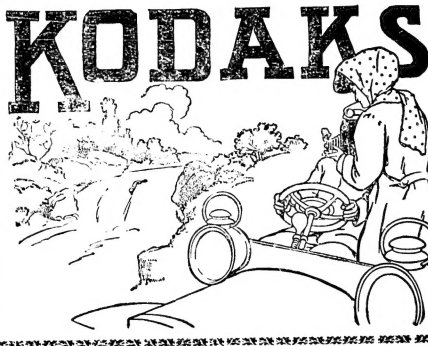
The thing we do require in Calgary just now, and the price is ripe for it, is a good big hotel that is not too easily filled up at a moment's notice. This is a sign of the times that some hotels are turning away as many people as they can accommodate each day or perhaps twice as many. Someone who has some money to invest should look into the situation.

Calgary's building permits granted in July total \$182,280 against \$62,650 in July, 1908, or an increase of 190.91 per cent. As the fall approaches there is no diminution of activity, and it is a problem of how to sleep late in the morning on account of the noise of the saw and the hammer. The architects' offices are very busy places these days and it seems that they will be kept very busy for some time to come.

The building of the street railway goes on apace and it will soon be possible to drop a man and take a car home from the C.P.R. station to almost any part of the city. There is no diminution in the patronage of the street railway when more cars arrive, but rather the reverse, for whereas when cars are scarce people say to themselves "Oh the cars are so long coming it is no use to wait for them," and so walk. Now when there is more rapid service they will say, "Well, there'll be a car soon so we might as well wait." So they ride and the city takes in the money.

The playhouses are commencing to become busy. The Empire had one of the best vaudeville performances on last week that we have been to for some time. There was nothing trivial in the bill and interest was well carried out in the way through with most creditable acts, neatly and rapidly performed with no dull moments left for cogitation or being bored.

I met a real estate man on the street the other day who set up in Calgary recently, and upon enquiring as to how he was getting along, he replied far better than he had ever dreamed of. It is much the same story all round. The bank clearings show which way the wind blows, and newcomers must be taking notice of the grain exchange building which is close to the station, when



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THE EMPIRE.

The Empire Theatre reopened for the season of Friday last, and the crowd, hitherto, to the strong hold vaudeville has taken upon the people of Edmonton.

There were 786 entries made at the Calgary Land office in August, which should mean 786 more farmers to go right onto the ground, not just to flit in and go away to hold for a later time.

As we study the hotel register, all parts of America and many from here beyond its shores. After a while it will not be so necessary, when East, to have to try to explain so minutely just where Alberta is. It is only by going East that we find out how badly geography is taught to those who are so fortunate as to live in these brightened regions.

A vigorous resolve has been made by the council to improve the sanitary conditions of the city. We must say with the Irish "More power to them." No place can be made too sanitary and it is one of our duties (our greatest duties) that we are to ourselves and our race, to make our cities as healthy as it is possible to make them. Prevention in these matters is worth a great many cures and it is much easier to prevent epidemics than to stop them when started.

A few doses of typhoid during one's existence on earth are usually as many as we can assimilate, too many may not be the word of quite a few desirable citizens at a useful period in their existence. The worst feature of an unhealthy city is its infant mortality. So far we have not had many troubles of this kind, so why drift into unnecessary evils. We thus heartily endorse the project of starting in time to avoid future trouble.

The customs receipts at the Calgary office for the month of August were \$51,000 or about \$16,000 in excess of the same month last year. Entries have increased over 500 in number which seems to indicate that there are more people receiving goods. Again as it is reasonable to suppose that some of these are settlers, entries or free entries, it does not give us the full value of the goods imported, which values would go down in statistics but would not figure in the customs returns of customs collected at this port. This might also somewhat account for opinions expressed that, though more entries were made, the articles were not of the same value as those imported last year when a lesser number of entries totalled a greater revenue. The revenue is collected from new goods. More free entries would indicate more people arriving, a greater number of entries free of duty, a lesser amount of revenue collected, but not necessarily a lower value on the goods brought in, though it might be so.

Stephen.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Mr. Wm. Yule, well-known to Alberta theatre-goers for several years back, first as a member of the Harold Nelson forces, and later as manager of the Edmonton Opera House under Wills and Cosgrove, is going on the road for C. P. Walker of Winnipeg in "An You Like It." Mr. Yule is capable of big things and few of us realize what a first-class actor we have had in our midst.

Mr. W. B. Sherman, a factor for many years in the amusement world of Calgary, has secured the rights of the Lyric Theatre again in that city.

A very large audience had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Jean Blawie, the well-known Canadian poetess, in a recital of her own work at McDougall church, Edmonton, on Tuesday evening. The combination of gifts which she has displayed is most unusual. "Old Fashioned Folks," "Remembrance," "The Irish Beggar," and "My Old Scotch Granny" were some of the selections. The musical portion of the programme was in good hands. Mr. Isaacs sang, as always, most effectively. Mr. Hunt's organ solo was given in true musicianly fashion, while the duets of Mesdames Horner and Horner and of Miss Johnson and Mr. Cook, the quartette of M.-James Hei, Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Smith were much enjoyed. The present felt themselves under an obligation to the W. M. S. of the church for the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Blawie under such pleasant circumstances.

reproached. But in the midst of her hapless, Sunday realizes that she has almost given herself to a brother of the man who was murdered for her sake. With hardly a word of explanation, she leaves for her far-off home. The final act of the play is laid in the west, and the joy of the four lonely men at the return of their ward is really delightful. (and we are assured by the management that they will be), the season of 1909-10 should be a banner one at the Empire.

Sutton and Sutton open the show with a sketch entitled "The Rubie, the Girl and the Pumpkin." The rubie provides the comedy, while the girl gives an exhibition of contortion in a very dainty manner. Jack Oliver, a colored gentleman, gives a monologue. The best feature of this act are imitations of school children in recitations of the same month last year. Entries have increased over 500 in number which seems to indicate that there are more people receiving goods. Again as it is reasonable to suppose that some of these are settlers, entries or free entries, it does not give us the full value of the goods imported, which values would go down in statistics but would not figure in the customs returns of customs collected at this port. This might also somewhat account for opinions expressed that, though more entries were made, the articles were not of the same value as those imported last year when a lesser number of entries totalled a greater revenue. The revenue is collected from new goods. More free entries would indicate more people arriving, a greater number of entries free of duty, a lesser amount of revenue collected, but not necessarily a lower value on the goods brought in, though it might be so.

The athletic part of the bill was looked after by Cordia and Maude, who style themselves European equibristas. Some of their stunts are really remarkable, especially the one where a man balances himself on a pedestal in mid-air, clutching in his teeth a strap at the end of which is a miter, with his pretty partner mounted upon it.

The best act of the evening was Lewis and Shannon in "The Well-Dressed Gentleman and the Stage German variety, but their lines had the audience seemed loath to let them go.

Miss Alice Plunkett rendered the illustrated song, "You will have to sing an Irish song." It was really a treat to hear such singing and Miss Plunkett's many friends in the audience let her know in no uncertain manner that they were delighted. The house orchestra opened the evening with a medley of popular songs, and sent the performance off to a good start.

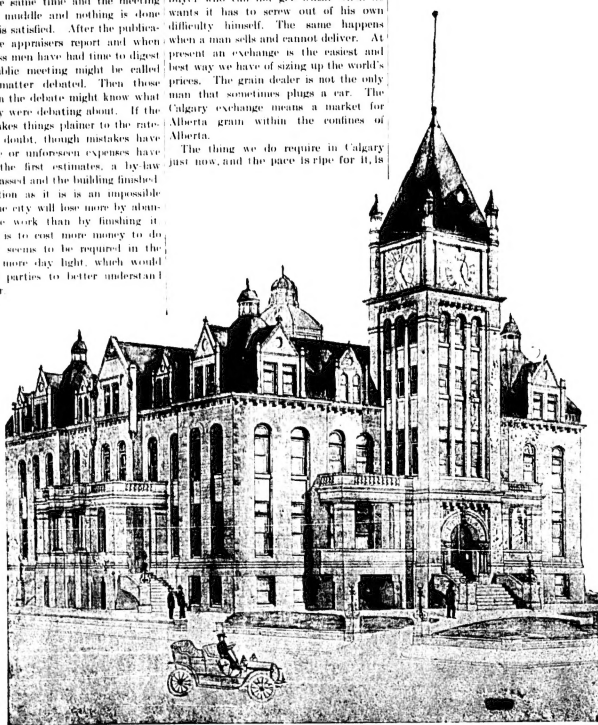
"SUNDAY" AT THE OPERA HOUSE
A truly excellent performance was the play "Sunday" as produced by the Jeanne Russell Co. this week.

There is a strong Western atmosphere pervading the play, which appeared very strongly to the large-sized audiences that greeted every performance.

The first act takes place in the mining town of Silver Creek and introduces "Sunday," who, on the death of her parents, has been adopted by four of her father's old chums. The "boys," as she affectionately terms them, are good examples of the brusque, large-hearted early westerners, and their inclination as to whether or not to help her will be sent out to us in a humorous and pathetic. Just before she leaves for the convent, Sunday is insulted by Arthur Brintheope, a young Englishman, with whom she has imagined herself in love. Jack, one of her guardians, and a silent witness of the occurrence, kills the man.

The second and third acts find Sunday, fresh from the convent, in England, with an aunt, visiting at Brintheope Abbey. Colonel Brintheope falls madly in love with the Western flower, and his affections are

are just as true every woman knows. And so he's almost sure to know 'em.



Calgary City Hall, as it would appear on completion of the plans.

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will find in the
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A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00
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Head Office - - Winnipeg

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H. H. RICHARDS, Local Manager, Edmonton

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of best varieties

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THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids with starched frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky:
The tang of the old loom
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch; I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart;
Come back!
Else shall I break my heart.
Am I forgot?
My days as they were not?
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes,
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer books small;
The euphonia curved both in and out,
With carillons, pretty tune,
And snelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Old folks you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay
rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
A charmed but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The fagots, crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The drink, that held you all about;
The wind that would not go—

I had been thinking seriously of pack-
ing up and going "home" for a while.
Why "home" though, I had never
stopped to think, until, repeating the
phrase to myself, with the actual pic-
tures of what the term signified, I
was brought to an abrupt start to real-
ize that I was talking of something
that had long ago ceased to exist.
There, to be sure, was the old
house. Unfolded, a hundred years
hence, I could find my way to it. But
then these many years neither I nor
the faces framed all about me, "the
family" have ever laid our eyes on it,
or ever so much as surely known, who
now inhabits it. Another family
doubtless, are at present weaving the
intimate threads about its rooms and
treasures, its long hall, its gar-
dens, and cozier corners, where "we,"
those long, long years ago, builded
the dreams, and underwent the ex-
periences, that then and since, made
it "home" to us. As I realized this,
I turned again to scan the familiar
faces looking down upon me. Yes,
there I was myself as I had looked
then. Blue corduroy short dress, with
the scallops piped in red. There was
granny dear, in rich black, with her
lovely ripply white hair, caught with
the tortoise-shell pins, I remember.
There my uncle, the aunts and their
babies, and so on, the house itself—
between them all, "home," as real and
tangible as when I left it. But what
an in-between, and what changes!

Young Albertans, No. 24



Photo by Burk
Ester Armitage, Donald street, Age 3 years

Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!
Not yet, not yet,
Can you forget—
For you, that are a man,
You battle not nor reap, you dream
nor plan;
And you are gray of look,
You can not pluck a rose, or read a
book,
Do aught for fame, or faith or tears,
But I am there with all my years.
O, one and all,
When at the eventfall,
Your slim girls sing out on the stair,
Lo, I am here!
When blows the cherry boughs so fair
Althwart your slender town yards far
away,
Lo, all at once, you have no word to
say:
For at your throat a sharp, strange
thing—
An old house set in an old spring!
Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wist-
ful lands.
The poplar-haunted lands,
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf aright,
Come back!
Unhitch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more,
For I shall comfort you, oh, lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly
glad!

The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
Come back,
And fall upon my heart!
—Lottie Woodworth Rees.

Last night, when twilight had fallen
(such beautiful twilight as they are
now!) my eyes wandered idly about
the little room I have grown to love,
until they fell upon the faces of the
men and women, and the house itself,
that all my life have spelt "home"
to me.
It is curious that at the moment

Granny asleep those fifteen, twenty,
oh, how many years since. Every-
body scattered, home gone, the Gril-
Used-To-be a woman grown with
babies of her own. That little girl
for whose unknown future most ag-
gravated aunts painted so dismal a
picture. For them had I cheated
myself into this speaking of going
"home," this long, long time after.
I don't know, nor do you, but al-
ways there will just be that one place
that will mean the dear name to you—
the house of your childhood—the roof-
tree of the family before that family
broke up and flew to build them new
nests of their own—Home, Home,
Sweet, Sweet Home, the dearest name
in the language. —

Lloyd Roberts gives a very beauti-
ful definition of the word in a short
poem entitled, "The Only Home."
"Home," said he, "is a shrine where
all men part;
Not the hills that protect our dead,
Nor the roof where we lay our head,
But the place where we lay our heart."
Thus, while families may scatter,
new faces look from long-familiar win-
dows, men and women gaze on one
with no recognition a few years after,
we can each of us talk of going "home"
as certainly as we can speak of going
fishing. For, as you see, no one can
rob us of our memories. The yard
in which I used to play, was mine. No
one can ever again see it quite as I
saw it. The old chain fence, on the
good saint's church at the corner, can
never again be to any other child.
Just all it meant to me and those other
long-ago playmates.

I can go home decades hence, and
repeople the place at will. Go back
to my own, to old familiar haunts and
though a modern apartment house
stands where once my little garden
smiled up at me—though never a
voice speaks up in greeting, nor an
eye lights at my coming—I can go back.
For, though I never realized it until
now, I have brought it half-way across
a continent, yes, back from the very
graves themselves, to this far-away
home in the making.

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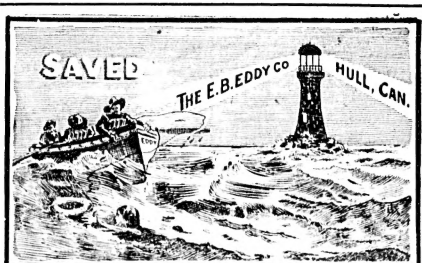
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Edmonton Home and Society

A noble lord, a press convention, a golf and tennis tournament, the Lieutenant-Governor's reception on Tuesday, not to speak of a dozen or more minor distractions have made the past week little better than a scramble from one set of clothes into another, a hurried rush for meals and the telephone ringing from morning until night. Already I am exhausted thinking of the work ahead of me.

The merry-go-round started on Monday with the golf tournaments running full blast. A glorious early autumn day, but almost too sultry warm for very strenuous exercise. However the enthusiasts, both golf and tennis set, to it early, and from all around the city very close games and fine sport generally. It is not my intention to go into details as to winners of championships and competitions, the sporting editor being supposed to look after that end of it. I may say there were a number of surprises both with the racquets and clubs, but on the whole less kicking. Of course some people will insist on doing and saying the most extraordinary things, and there are always some arrangements and decisions that astonish the natives. However, I have a theory that unpleasant and unprofitable people get their reward right in this world—a theory borne out in fact in certain specific instances.

Monday was the big day in the golf tournament, the holiday bringing every golfer, big and little, to the links. A feature of the tournament from a woman's point of view, was the beautiful form displayed by Miss Edith Strone, who, who she failed to land the championship, won the most unstinted praise from all sides.

While in town she was a guest at the Yale, coming up with her brother and Mr. de Pas from their homestead, and leaving on Tuesday's afternoon train.

While I think no one could argue that this year's golf tournament, from a social point of view could begin to compare with those of other years, there was a very pleasant time, dispensed by the ladies on the club house verandah on Monday, the tables being attractively arranged with fragrant sweet peas and hop vines. Mrs. Brinkswade, Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Rolfe presiding.

Calgary sent up quite a contingent of men, some cracking good players among them, to dispute honors, and Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Hingue's playing elicited the greatest admiration. Monday night the tennis club had a jolly dance at "Updown Villa," a rather small affair with few invitations, owing to the limited size of the salle de danse. But enjoyment not being dependent on room nor space, everything passed off beautifully.

The same evening the towns on both sides of the river gave themselves over to extending a rousing welcome to Canada's High Commissioner, Lord Strathcona, whom bon-fires flared, and bands let go tumultuously, and the crowds cheered the stately white-haired gentleman who alighted from his private car, and later drove over to the Capital to have his first sight of the modern city that in earlier days, when isolated outposts, held so much of interest to him. When his Lordship had retired to the quiet of Government House, his grandson and grand-daughter, Mr. and Miss Howard, drove over to their aunt's, Mrs. E. V. Hardisty's, where a number of people had been invited, quite informally, to meet them.

Although the reception was arranged at almost a moment's notice, the beautiful grounds at the top of Fifth Street beckoned a charming welcome as the guests arrived.

Way in among the shadowy trees and up the entrance walk, quaint lamp posts flickered and glowed, disclosing long rows of seats beneath the trees, and the little family party and their visitors, grouped in intimate fashion on steps and verandah. Within doors the cosy rooms were sweet and fragrant with lovely-summer flowers, and Mrs. Hardisty and the sons and daughters of the house gave everyone a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Hardisty is in her element dispensing the hospitality of her home, a legacy of the days when as wife of the Factor, she was to all intents and purposes, the acknowledged sovereign of a social kingdom not to be despised by even famous quons of salons. For here drifted or made their way, many men long since famous or celebrated in a hundred different callings. The Factor's wife knew them all, and in the big house held an unending court, receiving as subjects fur-traders, Indians, gentlemen adventurers, every shade and variety from an earl's son to a humble missionary of the far North.

On Monday she was the same stately hostess, but combining with easy grace the grandchild of her distinguished brother-in-law, probably the best known Canadian of his time. She was wearing a simple but becoming frock of champagne silk with lace garniture, while Miss Howard was in her travelling costume, with a large black picture hat with American Beauty roses. Mrs. Dick Hardisty, always a noticeable figure, was looking stunning in a gray embroidered Japanese crepe, a handsome toilette.

Among the guests I noticed the Attorney-General and Mrs. Cross, the latter looking very smart indeed. Mrs. Ed. Cross, her sister-in-law, who is visiting her, Mrs. Sydney Woods, Col. Mrs. and Mr. Belcher, Mr. Belcher, Mr. John Somerville, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. Haight of Woodstock, Mrs. MacDougall, and Miss Alice and Mr. James MacDougall. Several others arrived later, but were too tardily to meet the guests of honor who left rather early for their car in Strathcona.

Mrs. Purdee and her children are in from their summer cottage at St. Albert, and are once more settled in their pleasant quarters over the Bank of Montreal. Mrs. Purdee is expecting a girl friend from the East, who is coming West with Mrs. J. Biggar, who, her numerous friends will be delighted to know, is expected home this week, after a long summer holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hardisty and their infant daughter also arrived home on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to the Landing.

I have heard that Senator Roy is removing his family to Ottawa for the session, Edmonton being so far removed from the Capital as to make any week-end trip impossible. I noticed Madame Roy looking very handsome and striking in a stunning Paris gown at the Lieutenant-Governor's reception on Tuesday, a white linen frock beautifully embroidered and inset with lace, with a large grey hat with wings.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick are leaving this week for a fortnight's holiday to Banff.

On Labor Day a little party of thirteen (unlucky number) journeyed to Ft. Saskatchewan for a picnic, some motoring down in Mr. Short's handsome Ford car, others driving. Everybody passed off beautifully until the trip home, when, the car came in sight of a man driving to town, who, though repeatedly warned of the motor's approach by sounding of the horn, refused to budge an inch from the middle of the highway.

Mr. Short is an exceedingly careful driver and was running at a low rate of speed, but believing that no man would be so churlish and greedily as not to give road allowances, he attempted to pass, when his car turned turtle and the entire party were thrown out. Luckily no one was seriously injured, but Mrs. Short sustained a severe cut on the eye and several bruises, while the car emerged in a deplorable shape.

As they were close to town a carriage was procured and the party reached home without further mishap.

I have seen so much of this criminal disregard on the roads since coming West, that I think the police might very well take the matter into their

very serious consideration. Give some men the world and they ask for more, with the result of making either driving or motoring dangerous pastimes about town, particularly where women are concerned. It is time for a change.

Mrs. Dawson had one or two friends in for a quiet cup of tea and a chat on Monday, when Mrs. Jean Blewett and Mrs. Lindsay of Australia were the guests of honor.

Mrs. Lindsay is not, by the way, a cousin of Mrs. Dawson's as I erroneously stated in this column on a former occasion, but merely leased their house during the summer. Someone, who knew, kindly volunteered the information which I, not being in a position to deny, imagined to be correct.

May I again remind forgetful folk that this column is not an advertising agency for every show and school entertainment that comes along. As I have said before, my time happens to be worth money, space is at a premium, and I can not in justice to all the paper's friends and subscribers, boost one concert or object and refuse another. I have tried as honestly as may be to do what I could for every worthy cause, but frankly I no longer insert one notice than the same organization ask for another, with the demand that I purchase tickets for the privilege. If it happened to be a reporter on a daily paper with much space at my disposal it would be another matter. As it is I have to neglect home duties to career around to a dozen places at once. Do please remember that I am glad to do what I can, but there are limits.

Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Jennings left on Sunday for Toronto, the Sydney Woods having returned from Bowen Island on Saturday to take possession of their own house. Mr. and Mrs. Bowers and their daughters also returned a fortnight ago from the same lovely spot, the entire party looking as brown as berries and brimful of health and fine spirits as a result of their long holiday.

Miss Pat Matheson and Mr. Pitfield were quietly married at half-past six on Wednesday morning in the church, no one but a few near relatives being present. Almost immediately after their left for the station to take train for the coast, the bride looking very sweet and happy in a smart green tailor-made, with black moire trimming and a large black hat.

The best wish of all the hosts of friends accompanied them on their journey in which this paper joins most heartily.

Mrs. Nivin was the hostess of a small but very enjoyable "tea" on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Frances Butterfield of Moscow, Idaho, arrived in town on a visit to Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison on Wednesday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Abby Somerville of Santa Barbara, California, to Mr. Richard L. Ghiselin, a Southerner who has lately made his home in Edmonton.

Hosts of old-time friends, who know not only Miss Somerville herself, but all her people, will join me in wishing both her and her fiancé all happiness and good fortune. I understand that Mr. Ghiselin will continue to live on in Edmonton, so that his bride-to-be will once more return to town where she has always had so many friends. At present Miss Somerville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Mays.



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The Social Round in Calgary

A reception was given by Mrs. Burns in honor of the lady members of the British Association on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Costigan has returned to the city, after a pleasant holiday spent in Banff.

Mrs. J. Hossack Woods, of 629 Fourth Avenue, returned from Edmonton on Thursday.

Mrs. Muckleston and Miss Muckleston returned from the East a week ago, having had a delightful trip.

Mrs. Darker has returned to the city, after spending some time in visiting the Coast cities.

Mrs. Dodd, accompanied by Mrs. Middleton, left for Portland, where she expects to spend the next six months.

Chief Justice Sifton returned to the city last week, after a restful holiday in Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Grubb, who have many friends here, are now the guests of Dr. Rouleau.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Madlock, and their little daughter, have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Woodhall, Fifteenth Avenue West.

Mrs. J. E. A. Macleod receives for the first time on Thursday, the 9th, at 913 Thirteenth Avenue West.

Mrs. D. C. MacFarland will receive on the first Tuesday of the month at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Wood, 214 Fifth Avenue West.

Miss Ina Powell left for Chicago Thursday night, where she proposes to enter one of the large hospitals for a three year course.

Dr. Kaufman, of Prince Edward Island, is now in the city, and will assume the position of vice-principal of the Normal School.

Miss Mildred McVean, who has been the charming guest of Mrs. Medlar Hayden for some weeks past, left for Winnipeg Wednesday night.

Mrs. Geo. R. Pirie, of 740 Fifteenth Avenue West, will receive for the first time on Friday afternoon, Sept. 10th, and in future on the second Thursday of each month.

Mrs. J. P. Jephson left for the East on Monday, accompanied by her son Maurice, who returns to Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Miss Stirling, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Lee, Miss Toole, Mr. Ross, Mr. Toole, Mr. Holman, and several other tennis enthusiasts, are in Edmonton attending the tournament there.

A very delightful tea was given by Mrs. Ings in honor of Mrs. Hodder, who is leaving for the Old Country very shortly. Masses of autumn flowers and foliage were banked in the large fire-place, and clusters of the same decorated the long reception room. At the tea, table which was done in sweet peas, Mrs. Darker presided charmingly. Music and conversation aided in passing a very pleasant afternoon. A few of those

present were Mrs. Hodder, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Burns, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Darker, Mrs. Twohey, Mrs. Cruikshanks, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Jaynes, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Childe, Mrs. Turner Bone, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. Adams was the charming hostess of a very smart little tea on Wednesday, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Lee, for whom many entertainments have been given during her visit here. A crystal lower on a silver stand of exquisite lace, holding an immense cluster of sweetpeas, occupied the center of the table. Mrs. Adams, in delightful gown of cream mull relieved with touches of black, assisted by Mrs. Lee, in a princess creation of green silk, with rich lace, received the guests, while Mrs. Helliwell, in a dainty green gown, and Mrs. Basil Hamilton, wearing a handsome tailored cream suit, poured tea, assisted by Miss Toole. Among the guests were Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. Basil Hamilton, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. Grubb, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Grubb of Vancouver, Miss Braden, Miss Pinkham, Miss Meyer, Miss Peggy Pinkham.

A charmingly informal evening party was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Van Wart and Miss Lilian Van Wart, of Montana, by Mrs. I. S. G. Van Wart last Thursday, a week ago.

Dancing was indulged in in the large reception hall, and dining room, which lend themselves so delightfully to this form of pleasure. In the alcove an orchestra discoursed sweet strains throughout the evening.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, accompanied by Mrs. Grogan, sang several songs very beautifully, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the guests, during an interlude. Dancing was then resumed and kept up until the small hours.

The hostess, in a beautiful gown of blue, was warmly assisted in welcoming the guests by Mr. Van Wart.

Besides the guests of honor, a few of those present were Dr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Grogan, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. Schmidt and his charming bride, Dr. and Mrs. Pirie, Miss Pirie, Miss Fletcher, Miss Jaynes, Miss McCulloch, Miss Sparrow, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Sutherland, Miss Meyer, Miss Burnham, Miss Frank Jones, Dr. McLaren, Mr. Rowley, Mr. Newton, and many others.

A large reception and tea claimed Mrs. Sutherland as the charming hostess Tuesday afternoon.

The drawing room was gay with glowing poppies in many shades.

The tea table held a huge cluster of poppies in the palest pink shades.

The hostess was lovely in black mousseline de soie with a chemise of white chiffon in tucks and touches of pale blue en applique. Miss Sutherland assisted, looking charming in pale pink crepe de chine with touches of rose velvet. She was also aided in her hospitable duties by a number of young girls, among whom were Miss McCulloch, Miss Pirie, Miss Newton, Miss Barbara Hogg and Miss Katie Sutherland.

At the tea table Mrs. Loughheed, in blue with a handsome jet toque, and Mrs. Helliwell, in green silk, presided graciously.

A few of the guests were Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Minns, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Jaynes, Mrs. Hull, Miss Ryall, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Niblock, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Basil Hamilton, Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Hodder, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Pirie, Mrs. Niblock, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. Pinkham, Miss Cardell, Miss Sparrow, Miss Pinkham, Miss Beveridge, Miss Jaynes, Miss Pirie, Miss McCulloch, and many others.

A dainty girls' luncheon and handkerchief shower was given in honor of Miss Thompson by Miss Nora Ings. Among the guests were Miss Pinkham, Miss Lilly, Miss Sutherland, Miss Burnham, Miss Pirie, and the guest of honor, Miss Thompson.

The table was beautifully decorated with sweet peas massed in a large bowl over a lace spread. A large party was brought in, which upon being cut open by the bride-to-be proved to contain tiny packages of pretty handkerchiefs.

It is understood that Miss Thompson's marriage to Captain Shaw takes place shortly.

The British Scientists at Calgary

This is a busy time for Calgary people with so many distinguished visitors peeping in at all hours. On Saturday, September 4th, about 200 members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, accompanied by a good many lady friends, stopped off at Calgary en route to the coast. They had a special train of eleven cars. Their time of arrival was 4 p.m. Careful plans had been made for their entertainment and they were met on their arrival by Mayor Jamieson, Hon. W. H. Cushing and R. B. Bennett, M.P., as well as by a large number of other well known citizens.

Vehicles of all descriptions were ranged up outside of the station into which the visitors were distributed and taken around the city.

After seeing the sights supper was served at the Central Methodist Church, and it is really wonderful what the ladies of this church are able to do with such a crowd. It is said that practice makes perfect, for surely, they are giving themselves plenty of practice, and it is certainly lucky that the city has such an able and patriotic band of ladies to do the needful in times of stress. All the available space was filled and the visitors made most welcome.

Mayor Jamieson presided, with Sir Wm. Whyte on his right hand and Sir John Thompson on the other. The Rev. Mr. Kerly said grace and then the inner man was furnished with sustenance and power, which, no doubt helped the speakers in their eloquent orations which followed.

Mayor Jamieson was most happy in his remarks of welcome, giving in the course of his remarks some very useful data as to the progress of the city of Calgary and cordially welcoming the visitors, regretting also that they could not stay longer with us.

Mr. Cushing had been studying the reports of the meetings of the association at Winnipeg, and it seemed to him that many of the delegates already knew a good deal of Alberta and the west but they would learn more from personal contact. What we chiefly required was more people.

Mr. R. B. Bennett was as fluent as usual reminding us of when we learned our poetry at school in our younger days, and trotted out about the "Esier rolling

rapidly." Mr. Bennett has no doubts about what he is or what he wants to be, "for in spite of all temptation to belong to any other nation, he remains a British man." He spoke of the problems before us, of assimilating the foreign born population that is rolling in upon us and hoped that the visit of this association would have a greater tendency to send British born people our way. We talk a great deal of material matters, i.e., of dollars and cents, but there are other things to be considered, one of which is the perpetuating of the British rule in the Dominion. The coming of the British Association should do a great deal to further this idea. Mr. Bennett's was a very striking and patriotic speech.

Sir Joseph Thompson, president of the Association, was next called upon. He was very grateful for the entertainment tendered the Association and he could say that throughout their visit in Canada they had seen nothing but prosperity, and many diversified industries as they proceeded through the wide length of the Dominion. This Dominion seemed to be imbued with a general spirit of optimism in contradistinction to much of the pessimism prevailing in the Old Country, but which was, however, not as bad as some of the journals made it appear.

He had given considerable thought as to how on many people of different nationalities, now arriving, were to be assimilated. The only solution was to make them Canadians and then attach them to the Empire later.

Dr. Waller, professor of physiology in the University of London, was much struck with the vastness of everything, and he thought that this was made evident in the people he met who seemed to be imbued with solidity and strength. The Canadians felt that they were citizens of no mean country, but were loyal citizens of King Edward, and they respected the Stars and Stripes they venerated the Union Jack. He found that in going through the country as visitors they felt many things they could not give full expression to.

Major McMahon, secretary of the Association, said that the visit to Canada had given British Scientists an opportunity of meeting the scientists of Canada and many from the United States, and this visit had also enabled them to bring out a number of young men of impressionable age and promise. What was said here is only a fraction of what will be talked about or written about on their return.

Sir William White, who is chief British Naval Architect, came next. He was fully aware that a nation was being built up in Canada that would be affected by its environment and there would be problems of great importance constantly being presented, one of which was the welding together of so many newcomers. But it seemed to him that this problem was largely being solved by the progressive education at the disposal of the children who would imbue a spirit that would keep them in the right path.

He said that all must rejoice at an agreement having been arrived at in regard to the defence of the Empire. What is now required is to place these plans on a practical basis. Sir William talked quite plainly, and, in his opinion, this was no time for dallying, as what is to be done should be done well and without delay, for now is the accepted time. At some distant date it may be too late. He saw a great future before this country and the growth of Calgary was far larger than he had anticipated, but he considered an estimate of Calgary reaching a population of 100,000 by 1915 a hopeful estimate and not an impossibility.

Mayor Jamieson thanked the ladies of the Central Methodist Church heartily for the way in which they had ministered to the comfort of all.

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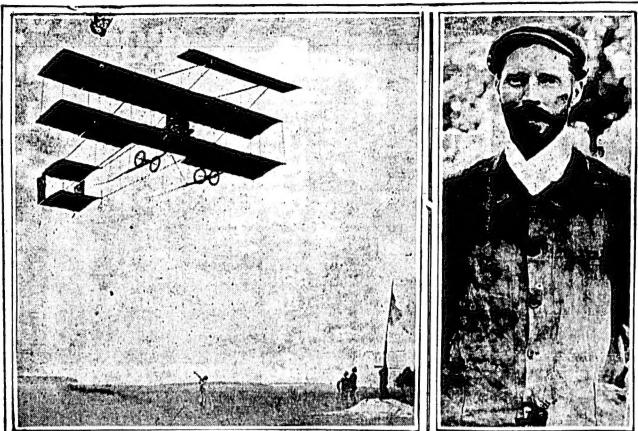
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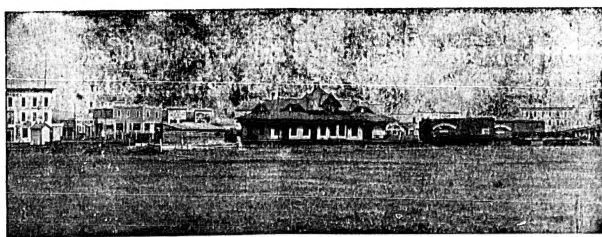
Henry Farmman, the English aeroplanist, who won the Grand Prix de la Champagne at Rheims (\$20,000), by remaining in the air 3h. 1m. 50-2-5s. and flying 180 kilometres (111.78 miles).

Buy a Lot in the Pilkie Estate, Vermilion

The demand for fair sized comfortable houses to-day in Vermilion is greater than the supply

Building operations on the new branch of the C.N.R. running north will commence in the very near future—the bonds of this branch are guaranteed by the Alberta Legislature. When construction begins the demand for houses by railway men will increase still more.

The Pilkie Subdivision is in the central west end of Vermilion—they are right in the town, not 300 yards from the C.N.R. station as shown in the cut. The photo itself was taken from a corner lot in the property offered for sale.



A Lot in the Pilkie Subdivision will produce returns as soon as a House is built on it.

Only a small deposit down is necessary. Terms very easy. Write to-day for full particulars

R. A. PILKIE - - - VERMILION, ALTA.

Just as soon as you can erect a house on any one of these lots there is not the slightest doubt of securing an immediate tenant.

This is not a speculative proposition but a definite opportunity for making an investment which will net immediate and profitable returns.

Do it now, and get in on the ground floor.

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to clear our stock of HAMMOCKS. Next year you will want one badly. If you buy now you save dollars.

\$7.50 Hammocks for \$5.00
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These prices good till Saturday 12 o'clock.

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Ice Cream Parlor in Connection

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Everything Neat and Clean.

Meals 25c, and up.
Tickets worth \$5.50 for \$5.00

Jasper Avenue East
Opposite C.N.R. Ticket Office



Mamma, bring me a box of

Boyd's

(WJB)
CHOCOLATES
W.J. BOYD CANDY CO.
WINNIPEG



They rented a cottage together, the Browns and their neighbors, the Joneses, and said, "We'll share in the cost and divide up the work and each one shall make his own bed."

"I'll be easy to do, and I'm sure we will find that housework will seem just like play."

For a while things went smoothly, a week or two passed, then clouds in the distance appeared.

Mrs. Jones told her hubby that mean Mrs. Brown up and "sneaked" when the table was cleared. While it wasn't her right to wash dishes, of course, she might have helped put them away. As she did whenever "was Mrs. Brown's turn," a fact she could truthfully say.

Then Mrs. Jones said she was sick of her job, because Mrs. Brown seemed to think she had nothing to do but look pretty while she slaved the summer away at the sink.

And Jones disliked Brown because he declined to help clean the fish that they caught.

While Brown had a notion that Jones didn't go for the water as oft as he ought.

When a month had gone by Mrs. Jones started in to "hand" Mrs. Brown "a few things." And Mrs. Brown, also unburdened her mind of a few little neighborly flings.

Now the Joneses and the Browns are at home once again, their vacation was far from a treat. And good Mrs. Brown doesn't see Mrs. Jones when they happen to pass on the street.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

One of the worst cases of a man's giving himself badly away has just come to light. A certain gentleman was dining out and in the course of the meal drank several bottles of port wine, of which he did not realize the extraordinary strength. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered, and the room seemed to sway slightly.

The horrified guest got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his appreciation.

He sat up very erect and gazed at the twins gleefully. Then he articulated carefully in a hoarse, thick voice:

"What a bonny little child!"

When you see so much honor being done to Lord Strathcona, with his many titles and his long career of distinction, don't forget that it is a member of the numerous and humble family of Smith that is occupying the centre of the stage.

Has our old friend, Sunny Jim, joined the American movement to Alberta and settled at "Sunnyslope"? It looks as if he is the Carstairs Journal correspondent for that smiling village with its name so suggestive of something that makes life worth living. From Sunnyslope comes the following:

Our old friend, Jimmie Norquay, or as he is more commonly known, "The Laird of Knoehill Creek," visited us last night and was worrying what to say in case he was asked to run for mayor of Atnie which, as everyone knows, is one of the suburbs of Norquayville.

The laird and his friend, Hugh Lindsay (the grower of potatoes), were out bucky riding and whilst travelling over the ranch prairie, the cork came out of a bottle of medicine they had split all the tonic. Lash! man, it is a fearsome thing to see two strong men weep.

"Bert Smith met with an unfortunate accident last Sunday coming home from church. His nose started raving with some others and threw him down, breaking his collar bone in three

places. This is because Bert went to sleep during the sermon. Dr. White more of Atnie, has the case in hand. "You're a good lad, Jimmie, and Hugh and Bert and your genial friend the quill driver. I venture. Here's hoping Bert soon gets round again."

The papers may print as much as they like about Cook's latest tour—to the North Pole. What does it mean to the average man compared to the pressing need of getting his stockings darned. An obscure article in a Chicago paper, which tells of the proceedings in a divorce court there, is ten times more interesting to me than the story of Cook's hardships, which takes up the whole front page.

Mrs. Singleton, who lived at No. 2067 North Spaulding avenue, told Judge McEwen that Mr. Singleton "just wouldn't stay at home Sunday."

"That was the whole trouble," she added to her arguments about wifely duties. Finally I told him, I won't stay alone all the time. I'll get a divorce first. It's too lonesome to be alone every day in the week."

"Then he asked me what I was going to do about it, and I didn't answer and he hit me."

Mrs. Helena Bowbrack pronounced a query about midnight suppers in a petition. John Bowbrack, her husband, the petitioner alleged, came home July 3 last at midnight and demanded, "How about the cats?" She replied that the supper hour had passed.

He thereupon started a disturbance, the petitioner asserts, which continued three hours.

A playing card incident involved C. M. Monier, a wealthy land owner, Mrs. Anna C. W. Monier alleges in her petition that on Feb. 28 last he became enraged while they were entertaining a card party and threw the cards in her face "greatly embarrassing."

Although Mr. Monier, she alleges, owns 215 acres of rich land in Texas, he has refused since that incident to pay the rent or provide food for herself and the children.

No wonder the ministers are complaining about the falling off in the returns from wedding fees. And then he has refused since that incident to pay the rent or provide food for herself and the children.

The girl puts herself out to the utmost extreme to make herself pleasing and agreeable to the man who is courting her. If she has any flaws in her figure she hides them. If she has a vicious temper she disguises it under mealy-mouthed and honey expressions. The care she bestows on making herself up (painting and powdering her face), the attention she gives to pleasing her future husband, — is so marked that her lover's vanity cannot but be tickled.

I don't think, though, that judging from Saint's pictures in the papers that he knows whereof he writes from very personal experience. No old maid, whatever her years or however man-crazy she might be, would bother deceiving him.

A story which recently appeared in this column has been put into verse by "G. H. W." as follows:

Bill Barton came to Boston
To buy a bill of goods.
His customers were waiting
For hosiery and hoods.

Bill bled him to the merchant
And quickly bought his stuff.
Suttings, socks, soap, and sundries,
Until he'd quantum suff.

Some lengthy rolls of oilcloth
Bill saw and bought a few—
The shipper packed Bill's order
In a case some 6 by 2.

Said Bill, "While I'm in Boston
I'll stop awhile, I guess.
But rush that box to Nancy"—
Was sent by fast express.

Next day Bill's wife received it
And when she saw the case
Shaped almost like a coffin,
Pale grew Nancy's face.

But when upon the cover
The markings she espied,
She gave one scream that scared the team.
For she read there "Bill inside."

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.

Dennis was doing his best to speak respectfully of the dead.
"Yes," he said, "Mike was a fine man. Honest, straightforward, hard-working, generous."
"Ginorous?" questioned Barney, rather doubtfully. "Did ye ever know of his troatin' any one in all his life?"
"Well, he nearly treated once."

"Nearly treated?"
"Yes, I remember once he dropped into Cassidy's when 'his boys were all

there. Well, lads, he sez, 'what'll we have?'—aid a wave of his right hand toward the bar. 'What'll we have?' rain or snow?—Every body's."

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial. "Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.
"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

AN AUDIENCE IN RESERVE.
Having told his favorite joke four times over without eliciting even a polite smile from any of his listeners, the man turns angrily upon his heels and mutters:

"Let us have a bottle of wine," suggests the young man from the small town who has been introduced to the daughter of the loner of society.

"Sir!" ejaculates the young woman, indignantly.
"Maybe you'd like to play 'poker' for ten dollars a white chip," he offers, anxious to entertain her.

"Sir!"
"Well, possibly you would like to get up on the table and dance among the dishes."

"Mr. Newnum, I am astounded at such proposals. I am offended. I am insulted. How dare you say such things to me? Have you been drinking or are you simply crazy?"

"Well, yes, sir. That's the way all the society girls act in the novels I've read about them," he explains in some confusion.—Life.

"Mamma," asked little three-year old Freddy, "are we going to Heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.
"I wish papa could go too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked the mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddy, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.

To the editor of a little Maine newspaper there came an indignant elderly woman, who waved a slip of paper in the editorial face.

"Look here," said she, "What does this mean? A bill for The Citizen to my husband that's been dead two years? You don't expect his widow to pay debts of his contracted long after he's dead?"

"You say he has not been getting the paper?" said the editor, after long thought.

"No, ye danderhead!" screamed the woman. "I tell yer he's been dead two years."

"Strange," mused the editor. "The Post Office Department has not notified me of his failure to receive them. Quite sure you yourself haven't been enjoying the inestimable educational values of a perusal of my sheet?"

"That ain't the point," argued the widow. "You've been sendin' a newspaper and a bill to a man that's dead. It's your affair, not mine."

"Well," said the editor finally, "perceiving that he must be a loser, in future I will cause an extra copy to be printed on asbestos to insure that your husband receives his Citizen regularly."

They were playing a game in which some one gives out the initial of some object in the room and the rest of them try to guess the object. So they tried to get the host's gray-haired father into it. But he held off "Sure," said he, "I'm a little bad in my spelling. I'd make no hand at such a game."

"Oh, come on," they pleaded, "you pick out some object, tell us the letter it begins with and we'll guess it." So the old man, rejoiced, finally yielded. "Well," he said, "then I will. The letter is 'F.' They tried and tried to guess what he meant. Knowing his weakness in spelling his son picked up a phonograph, thinking the old gentleman might imagine it to begin with an "F," but no he was wrong. Finally they all had to give it up, and appealed to him to tell the article. He looked wise and said, "Well, since you all give up what the thing is that begins with an F, I'll tell yer. It's the what-not."

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Perkins "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?"

"Yes," was the complacent reply. "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I considered a veterinarian surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."

"His words carried weight with me," she howled.

"He called me a liar, and at the same time he hit me with a brick."

GEORGE H. SUCKLING'S PIANO REMOVAL SALE

Magnificent Stock of High-Class
PIANOS OFFERED AT
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Owing to the steadily increasing demand throughout the North-Western Provinces, and in Edmonton and Strathcona in particular for the superior qualities of Steinway and Nordheimer Pianos, my present warehouse accommodation is now quite inadequate for the improved volume of trade, I have decided to remove to larger and more commodious premises early in October; meantime before removal, to offer at exceptional and extraordinary bargains, all the magnificent stock of new, also used grand and upright pianos at present in stock by Nordheimer, Decker, Haines, Weber, Heintzman, Chickering, etc., etc. at below address, and all on the easiest of terms of payment for purchasers. Pianos with International reputations that represent the world's most eminent musical productions, cannot be found every day at bargain prices, and at such favorable conditions as now offered.

As several car-loads of latest designs of Nordheimer and Steinway Pianos and Player Pianos have been ordered for my extensive new rooms opening in a few weeks from now, hence the urgent necessity to close out before their arrival, all the present stock of new and used pianos as above stated.

Come early and make your choice. George H. Suckling, Piano Warehouses 612 Second Street, General North Western representative for the pianos of Nordheimer, Steinway and Haines Bros. Remember the address, 612 Second street, four doors north of Jasper Ave.

Save Your Broken Lenses

We grind them on the premises while you wait. Our optical department is in charge of a graduate optician of long experience and we are in a position to give you the best of satisfaction.

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Jeweler and Optician
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of Highland Linen writing paper and you will immediately be impressed with "that indelible something called style" which pervades it.

It is discernable in the beautiful fabric finish, in the shape of the paper and envelopes; in fact the very box itself bespeaks refinement and good taste.

This is why the sale of Highland Linen has excelled that of any other social or correspondence paper on the market.

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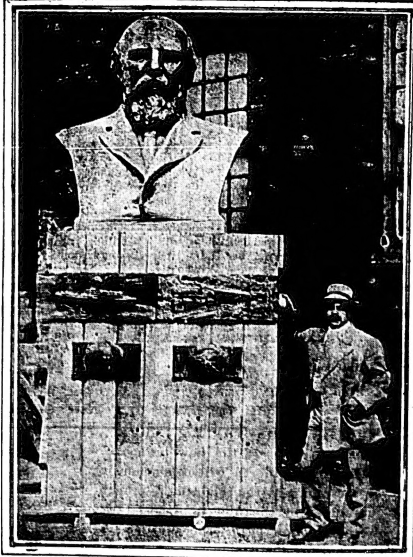
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Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our methods of cleaning carpets.

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Cord Corners and Window Seats our specialty

Cleaning Works: 619 Fifth St.
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BRONZE BUST OF JAMES J. HILL AND FINN H. FROELICH, THE SCULPTOR.

Finn H. Frolich's heroic bronze bust in has relief a Great Northern train and the Great Northern steamship train Minnesota.

The bust is a gift from citizens of Minnesota to the State of Washington. It will be unveiled in October, with Governor Johnston, of Minnesota, making the presentation address. It will be mounted on a pedestal of Washington granite, sixteen feet in height. Japan and the State of Minnesota will each present a lettered marble slab to be set in the pedestal.

The bronze is six feet in height and is said to be the largest portrait bust ever made. Four bronze tablets accompanying it represent

By-Law No. 228

A by-law to provide for the raising of the sum of \$13,000.00 for the purpose of providing the estimated amount of the cost of the street railway for the Municipal Street Railway Department of the cost of paving part of First street and constructing street railway thereon.

WHEREAS the Municipal Council of the City of Edmonton has under due authority undertaken the paving of First street from where the Canadian Northern Railway Company's tracks cross said street to the south side of Vermilion Avenue, and the laying down of street railway tracks in conjunction therewith and the purchase of the necessary materials:

AND WHEREAS it has been duly estimated that the cost of said works will be the sum of \$27,000.00 of which sum the sum of \$13,000.00 shall be paid for by special assessment, the sum of \$1,000.00 by the Municipality at large, leaving the sum of \$13,000.00 to be borne by the street railway for the purpose of that portion of said street which will be between two lines parallel to and six inches equally distant on each side from the outer rail of said railway and for the rails, and other materials required for the construction thereof:

AND WHEREAS it is expedient that a debt of \$13,000.00 be created and that the said sum of \$13,000.00 should be borrowed for the purposes aforesaid by means of the issue of one or more debentures of the City for an amount not exceeding \$13,000.00 and that the said sum should be made repayable at the expiration of the period of twenty years from the date of the debentures or debentures to be issued therefor, and should bear interest payable semi-annually at the rate of four and one-half per centum per annum, and should be repaid in such manner that the principal shall be repaid at the end of the said period (an equal annual sum by way of sinking fund being raised annually during the said period sufficient to meet the principal at maturity) and the interest thereon semi-annually:

AND WHEREAS the amount of the whole rateable property in the City according to the last revised assessment Rolls is \$23,669,470.00,

AND WHEREAS the total amount of the existing debt of the City, exclusive of local improvement debts secured by special assessment and debts by statute not to be taken as diminishing or restricting the power of the City to borrow and issue debentures on the credit of the Municipality at large is \$1,244,463.15 of which no part is in arrears:

AND WHEREAS it is expedient that this Bylaw should take effect on the day of the final passing thereof:

NOW THEREFORE the Municipal Council of the City of Edmonton duly assembled, enacts as follows:

1. The Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer of the City of Edmonton are hereby authorized and empowered to borrow for the purposes aforesaid in the name and on behalf of the City a sum or sums not exceeding in the aggregate the sum of \$13,000.00 and to issue one or more debenture or debentures of the City for such sums so borrowed.

2. The said indebtedness and the debenture or debentures issued in respect thereof shall be made payable at the expiration of the period of twenty years from the date of the issue of such debentures and such debenture or debentures shall bear interest payable semi-annually at the rate of four and one-half per centum per annum, and shall be repayable in such manner that the principal shall be paid at the end of said period of twenty years (an equal sum by way of sinking fund being raised annually during the said period sufficient to meet the principal at maturity) and the interest thereon semi-annually:

3. This Bylaw shall take effect on the final passing thereof:

4. During the currency of the said debentures there shall be raised and levied annually a special general rate on all the rateable property in the Municipality at the same time and in the same manner as the ordinary general municipal taxes, a sum sufficient to meet the amount of the equal annual sinking fund and the annual interest, as the same may be, in each year in respect of the said debentures.

5. The votes of the burgesses for and against this Bylaw shall be taken at the places hereinafter mentioned in the City on Monday, the 20th day of September, 1909, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

6. Creighton Ross Palmer, of the City of Edmonton, Insurance Agent, is hereby appointed returning officer for the purpose of taking such votes the said Bylaw is hereby divided into polling sub-divisions as follows: Polling sub-division No. 1, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying West of Ninth street; polling sub-division No. 2, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying between First and Ninth streets; polling sub-division No. 3, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying east of First street and South of Clark street; polling sub-division No. 4, being all that part of the City of Edmonton

lying East of First street and North of Clark street; and A. C. Marshall of the said City of Edmonton, Accountant, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 1 wherein the votes are to be polled at No. 530 Twelfth street; John H. Hodson, of the said City of Edmonton, agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 2 wherein the votes are to be polled at 248 Jasper Avenue West; Charles Edward McManus, of the City of Edmonton, real estate agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 3 wherein the votes are to be polled at the City Hall, Fraser Avenue; and William Duncan McPhail, of the City of Edmonton, real estate agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 4 wherein the votes are to be polled at No. 1230 Kinnistino Avenue.

7. The Council Chamber at the hour of 11 a.m. on Wednesday, the 16th day of September, 1909, is hereby fixed as the place where and the time when the Mayor will be present to make all such proper appointments as he may be requested to make of persons to attend at the polling places at the time of the raising of the votes by the secretary-treasurer on behalf of the persons interested in promoting or opposing the passing of this Bylaw.

8. The Council Chamber at the hour of 11 a.m. on Tuesday, the 21st day of September, 1909, is hereby fixed as the place and the time where and when the secretary-treasurer will sum up the number of votes given for and against this Bylaw.

PASSED provisionally in Council, this twenty-fourth day of August, 1909.

(Signed) ROBERT LEE, Mayor.

(Signed) F. M. C. CROSSKILL, Secretary-Treasurer.

By-Law No. 232

A Bylaw to provide for the raising of the sum of \$6,000.00 to pay for the cost of a bridge on Kinnaird street across Rat Creek.

WHEREAS the Municipal Council of the City of Edmonton deem it necessary and expedient to build a bridge over Rat Creek on Kinnaird street:

AND WHEREAS it has been duly estimated that the cost of the building of such bridge will be the sum of \$6,000.00 and that the said sum of \$6,000.00 should be borrowed by means of the issue of one or more debentures of the City for an amount not exceeding the sum of \$6,000.00 and that the said sum should be made payable at the expiration of the period of eight years from the date of the issue of such debentures and such debenture or debentures shall bear interest payable semi-annually at the rate of four and one-half per centum per annum, and shall be repayable in such manner that the principal shall be paid at the end of said period of eight years (an equal sum by way of sinking fund being raised annually during the said period sufficient to meet the principal at maturity) and the interest thereon semi-annually:

AND WHEREAS the amount of the whole rateable property in the City according to the last revised Assessment Rolls is \$23,669,470.00,

AND WHEREAS the total amount of the existing debt of the City, exclusive of local improvement debts secured by special assessment and debts by statute not to be taken as diminishing or restricting the power of the City to borrow and issue debentures on the credit of the Municipality at large is \$1,244,463.15, of which no part is in arrears:

AND WHEREAS it is expedient that this Bylaw should take effect on the day of the final passing thereof:

NOW THEREFORE the Municipal Council of the City of Edmonton duly assembled, enacts as follows:

1. The Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer of the City of Edmonton are hereby authorized and empowered to borrow for the purposes aforesaid in the name and on behalf of the City a sum or sums not exceeding in the aggregate the sum of \$6,000.00 and to issue one or more debenture or debentures of the City for such sum or sums so borrowed.

2. The said indebtedness and the debenture or debentures issued in respect thereof shall be made payable at the expiration of the period of eight years from the date of the

issue of such debenture or debentures and such debenture or debentures shall bear interest payable semi-annually at the rate of four and one-half per centum per annum, and shall be repayable in such manner that the principal shall be paid at the end of said period of eight years (an equal sum by way of sinking fund being raised annually during the said period sufficient to meet the principal at maturity) and the interest thereon semi-annually:

3. This Bylaw shall take effect on the final passing thereof.

4. During the currency of the said debentures there shall be raised and levied annually a special general rate on all the rateable property in the Municipality at the same time and in the same manner as the ordinary general municipal taxes, a sum sufficient to meet the amount of the equal annual sinking fund and the annual interest, as the case may be, in each year in respect of the said debentures.

5. The votes of the burgesses for and against this Bylaw shall be taken at the places hereinafter mentioned in the City on Monday, the 20th day of September, 1909, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

6. Creighton Ross Palmer, Insurance Agent, of the City of Edmonton, is hereby appointed returning officer for the purpose of taking such votes the said Bylaw is hereby divided into polling sub-divisions as follows: Polling sub-division No. 1, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying West of Ninth street; polling sub-division No. 2, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying between First and Ninth streets; polling sub-division No. 3, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying East of First street and South of Clark street; polling sub-division No. 4, being all that part of the City of Edmonton lying East of First street and North of Clark street; and A. C. Marshall of the said City of Edmonton, Accountant, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 1 wherein the votes are to be polled at No. 530 Twelfth street; John H. Hodson, of the said City of Edmonton, agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 2 wherein the votes are to be polled at 248 Jasper Avenue West; Charles Edward McManus, of the City of Edmonton, real estate agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 3 wherein the votes are to be polled at the City Hall, Fraser Avenue; and William Duncan McPhail, of the City of Edmonton, real estate agent, is hereby appointed deputy returning officer for polling sub-division No. 4 wherein the votes are to be polled at No. 1230 Kinnistino Avenue.

7. The Council Chamber at the hour of 11 a.m. on Wednesday, the 16th day of September, 1909, is hereby fixed as the place where and the time when the Mayor will be present to make all such proper appointments as he may be requested to make of persons to attend at the polling places at the time of the raising of the votes by the secretary-treasurer on behalf of the persons interested in promoting or opposing the passing of this Bylaw.

8. The Council Chamber at the hour of 11 a.m. on Tuesday, the 21st day of September, 1909, is hereby fixed as the place and the time where and when the secretary-treasurer will sum up the number of votes given for and against this Bylaw.

PASSED provisionally in Council, this twenty-fourth day of August, 1909.

(Signed) ROBERT LEE, Mayor.

(Signed) F. M. C. CROSSKILL, Secretary-Treasurer.

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(Signed) F. M. C. CROSSKILL, Secretary-Treasurer.

(Signed) ROBERT LEE, Mayor.

HERE AND THERE

The British Tax Bill has become the topic of conversation among those who are not content with the status quo. It is a bill which is expected to find everything colour de rose. It was at first intended to change the taxpayer with the valuation of his land, upon which he is to pay taxes, but this has been amended so that the state pays the cost of the valuation which eats up all the possible receipts the first year. The property of friendly societies pays no tax.

It was originally proposed that the valuation placed upon property, by commissioners appointed for that purpose, should be final, but the Lord Chief Justice pointed out that this would be in direct contravention to the British Constitution, which expressly gives the right of appeal in all cases. The government therefore amended the bill allowing the right of appeal.

We have the British Constitution beaten to a frazzle in Alberta, for we go so far as not to allow an appeal from a decision of a Justice of the Peace in some cases, and we go still further when we state that an accused man is guilty until he proves his innocence. We have it to the accused to prove their innocence of a charge, and if they cannot do so, deny them the right of appeal from decisions rendered against them by Justices of the Peace, some of whom are not legal lights, while others may hardly be able to speak the English language.

There are two ways of looking at this. One is that the question may be whether the average Justice of the Peace is sufficiently versed in the law to give a final decision, against which there is no appeal, and the other is that the Justice of the Peace may have his eyes wide open, and finding the responsibility thrust upon him so intense, where there is an absence of right to appeal, that not being quite sure, he may give the accused the benefit of the doubt and acquit him rather than take a chance of making an error by convicting for an offence against which the accused has no right of appeal. What are we going to do about it when an eminent lawyer in Alberta says: "The J.P.'s don't know anything and are not expected to know anything, and they seldom do."

We must not be the British for keeping their heads level in great changes that may be very radical issues. They, evidently, do not, as we do in this country, blow up in a sudden spasm and surrender rights that took their ancestors centuries to obtain.

Thus, though the Tax Bill may momentarily be seductive enough to push settlers with money war, these latter might find that if they stayed at home their personal liberties are, in another direction, better secured by the time the provisions of the British Constitution, that we have no qualms about turning upside down. And how we like to think that we are a new country doing things so much better than anyone else.

Different people have different ideas, thus we sometimes find things and reasons for things in places where we are not studiously looking for them.

Mistress: "Wish to leave, Mary! Why you only came yesterday."

MARY: "Yes, marm. In engaging I thought you was a sparrageness and a housewife; but when I saw from cook that you eat cabbage, carrots, and such-like, I second-hand vegetables, and drinks beer, I sees there ain't nothing aesthetic in it, and I resigns my place."

"The knowledge of the youth of our country is undoubtedly spending in scientific culture is bearing good fruit, so much so that our young children are distancing in versatile education the parts acquired by our elders in their youth at so much effort to themselves. I was in Calgary recently, and passing quietly down a street, observed some newly dressed children having a game of amateur baseball in a garden. Bessie, aged about eight years, was at the bat, another girl about 9 or 10 was pitching. Bessie made a long swing at a twister sent in by the girl pitcher, which she caught, and she was about to throw it away, and missed. Another throw arrived and Bessie simply touched it. It dribbled harmlessly into the grass. Another young lady, aged about 11 or 12 years, was evidently showing the show and directing them in a loud, serene voice. Thus when Bessie missed she

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In full swing again, now we have enlarged our kitchen.

BAILLIE HAMILTON'S

215 JASPER AVE. WEST - PHONE 1830.

came in for incentive of one sort or another, the last being thrown out past. "Well Bessie, you really are a freak of Nature."

Thus do we advance and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings we acquire wisdom.

I went on and later paid 20 cents to see the final game being played between the Calgary Canadians and the Celts from Vancouver. If I could have seen something else, for both teams bumbled up and down the field kicking at the ball till quite a few of them seemed clean tuckered out. Yet the ball would not go where they told me it should go, once in a while, that is between two posts and into a net, then the side that it there scored one to their opponents' discredit. The one that puts it in the most times wins the match.

This all looks simple till you try it or watch the efforts of the men, and by the looks of things both sides were trying hard and harder, yet that ball would not do exactly what was wanted of it. One thing was most striking, which is that there were a whole lot of people in the crowd at the side that, apparently, could play so much better than those who were stripped off and struggling out of the game. If some of these fellows it was to a certain extent appreciated, but if something did not suit them they'd yell "Rotten, rotten." The Celts were expected to win but they couldn't although they were all Scotch and there were three Englishmen among the Celts, the opposing team. It was not as in some show where they demand a certified pedigree before the animal is allowed to compete in the show ring, otherwise the three Englishmen would not have been pure Celts, though they might have been Welshmen, in which case they could pass muster perhaps.

The Scots on the side lines were in their element for quite a while and it was loud and vociferous. "Oom awa the Celts," "Noo the Celts," "Oom a' wi' the Celts," and so on, but the Celts couldn't "oom awa" and the game was a complete wash-out. When the Scotch tails hung down and the bagpipes drifted away empty. It was a great battle of skill, brawn and staying power. Keep up it is bound to do it. Alberta has a lot of good if they indulge in it and perhaps another time the Celts will "oom awa" when we ask them so strenuously to do our bidding. One of the things that surprised me was that some of the players were amateur. Another was that they didn't sass the umpire.

I am beginning to be afraid that about the time we finish our new fleet. Then the papers and the critics will be throwing and by the yard at the ministers for not waiting and building the newest thing out.

One of the newest things out, however, is that Calgary has built a city hall and thrown it on the junk heap to disintegrate of old age without ever being used. It takes a long time to grow up.

One correspondent remarks emphatically that in the future it is going to be too dangerous to go out. Nature makes us with so many eyes to see and so many

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and
Coats
for
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Miss Farwell wishes to announce that she has taken over the business of Mrs. Cassie Ferrier. She will be pleased to meet all her old customers as well as many new ones. Fall goods arriving daily. The store of right goods at right prices.

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Alberta Welcome to Lord Strathcona

(Continued from page 1)
Only I came away with the impression of having been near a man whose like I shall not readily look upon again. A history maker, an empire-builder, a gentle, sweet, powerful, wise man, who could contemplate the silence and immensity of the final hills of sleep as calmly as if he shook hands with upwards of a thousand people. Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, call him what you will, young or at ninety years of age, is a wonderful man.

Speaking of the social aspect of Tuesday's function reminds me that I never dreamed there was such a multitude of silk hats in Edmonton. You could choose them in any era you would, say for fifty years back, and have them. But the hardy, daring faces beneath the oldest, imparted such dignity as was often missing in the newest shapes or the heads they adorned. The women too looked stunning. I never saw them to better advantage. On all sides, though, I heard expressions of regret that the generous mistress of the house should be unavoidably absent. Mrs. Bulver being at her best on such occasions, charming and considerate to everyone. In his dilemma, as host without a hostess, His Honor requested Mrs. Hardisty, Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Balmer Watt to assist him in looking after his guests. Mrs. Hardisty was looking very sweet and stately in a rich empire gown of taupe liberty satin with sleeves and yoke of lilted bands of the satin over pale pink, with garniture of cut steel bands, and fling lace at the throat. With this was worn a picture hat of black with white plumes. Mrs. Cross was in an exquisite toilette. Primrose coin net over liberty satin of the same shade, one petticoat having a beautiful lace motif, and the bodice little straps of expose and lace. The chapeau consisted this strikingly smart costume was a Paris creation of ecru Panama straw, with touches of black velvet and a great shower algrette of white feathers. Mrs. Balmer Watt wore an empire frock of oldrose linen, smothered in narrow braid, and a black picture hat with plumes.

It is an open secret that His Honor left the catering arrangements in the hands of the Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. Bulver not being at home to assist him in considering this very important question, so that the guests had the pleasure of delicious home-made dainties, served in charming fashion, while the Y. W. C. A. gets the benefit of their help in a fine big cheque, donated to that institution by the Lieutenant Governor.

I thought the band did themselves very proud, and the affair from start to finish was a huge success.

PEGGY.

In Calgary.

The coming of Lord Strathcona to Calgary made most of those who consider themselves old timers shrink in to their shoes or feel a few inches shorter, especially when His Lordship announced that his last visit to Calgary was made in 1882. He thought that if in the 26 years Calgary had grown as it has, "What will it not do in the next 26 years?"

It had been announced that Lord Strathcona would be in Calgary at 9 a. m., so quite a few people had collected at the station, but many, not thinking of his private car being shunted into the siding, remained down the platform. The cheers of the few who were at the right place drew the others together to listen to a short speech from the illustrious visitor before he was conducted to an automobile to take a tour around the city, which occupied about two hours.

At 12:30 he was conducted by an escort of Strathcona's Horse, to the Central Methodist Church, which again was the scene of a welcome. With a sumptuous luncheon provided for about 150 guests. Wherever he went Lord Strathcona was received with tremendous enthusiasm and it did not seem to us to go to many things.

we were receiving a peer of the realm, or a high commissioner, but a distinguished old gentleman called forth to be a part of us. In fact was one of us, for without such as he this country today might not be as it is. It seemed also that this feeling of being at home struck Lord Strathcona and he could not help but feel that the welcome that his presence called forth could hardly be expressed in words which was felt most intensely by those who had the pleasure of being present.

The luncheon was under the auspices of the Canadian Club, with Mr. R. B. Bennett, president of the club, as chairman, and there was a large standing room for men, women and children. As our illustrious visitor entered the room he was welcomed with vigorous applause. Mr. Bennett, the chairman, had to wait several minutes to obtain a hearing.

Senator Louchard was first called upon and paid many kind compliments to the guest of the day as one of the foremost men of the empire, winding up his speech with a motion that Lord Strathcona be made an honorary member of the Canadian Club of Calgary.

The motion, which was seconded by the Hon. W. H. Cushing, was greeted with loud applause. Then it came the turn of the military, and he was tendered the honorary colonelcy of the 15th Light Horse by Col. Walker, commanding the 15th "Lord Strathcona," said he, "I have much pleasure in asking you to accept the position of first colonel of the first regiment of Alberta, one of the finest organizations of cavalry in the Dominion of Canada."

Mayor Jamieson moved a hearty vote of thanks to Lord Strathcona on behalf of the citizens, for the honor he had done the city in visiting us. All citizens of Calgary felt particularly honored at the arrival in the city of so illustrious a visitor and he assured Lord Strathcona that no one could receive a warmer welcome. Chief Justice Sifton, who seconded the motion, declared that no man had done more for the empire in the last fifty to sixty years than Lord Strathcona.

Mr. Bennett called for a unanimous expression of approval of the motion which was very vigorously responded to. Mr. Bennett, as President of the club, introduced the guest of the day, and in his most happy manner eulogized his life and work. No ship that had sailed to the shores of America had ever carried a richer cargo than when that which brought Lord Strathcona to these shores, and landed him on the shores of Labrador. His name is a household word as patriot, statesman and philanthropist.

His Lordship's Reply.

When Lord Strathcona rose to reply the applause was loud and continuous. His Lordship signified that it was a great pleasure and privilege to be present, but the kindness he had received and the warmth of his welcome assured him of its genuineness. He accepted the offer of the Canadian Club to make him an honorary member, saying that he would always remember and look upon it as a great privilege.

In referring to Col. Walker and his escort, he expressed his thanks for the offer of the colonelcy of the 15th Light Horse, which he accepted, and was most complimentary in his remarks as to the gallantry of those who had served in Strathcona's Horse, and felt sure there were others equally gallant in the 15th if called upon in the same way.

Lord Strathcona is now honorary colonel of the Victoria Rifles of Mount real, the 15th Light Horse of Alberta, a Liverpool regiment, and has promised to become honorary colonel of a new Highland regiment now forming in Winnipeg.

Proceeding, His Lordship said that he did really feel quite welcome, and that this was a red letter day for him to be back among old friends in Calgary; and he felt that he could be equally as proud of Calgary as many of those who had remained here and had seen it grow. "I believe," he continued, "that some day it will be one of the largest and best of all the cities of the Dominion."

"In my drive around Calgary I was glad to notice the fine school and hospital buildings you have. Besides, out to the work of the hospitals in the work of education, and the two go

hand in hand. The more a man is educated up to what is required of him in life, the less he requires the aid of the hospitals, and when one is obliged to resort to the hospitals, then is the time that he should get only the best of attention and care."

"This is one of the most pleasant days, and not only of my present trip among my old friends to receive the whole-hearted welcome you have given me."

The guest of honor paid a well merited tribute to the ladies, and with a few more words of thanks he brought his speech to a close amid great applause.

The escort then rose and preceded him to the door, and as he went out by the side way, as the main hall was crowded, he shook hands with all that he passed and spoke to some. It was noticed that in his used his left hand, carrying his right arm in a sling, which was the result of an accident that occurred in Vernon.

The Style of the Man.

Lord Strathcona's speech was wonderful for a man of his age, measured, beginning with fact, calm and concise, yet delivered with a smoothness not often encountered. He did not forget his name or an occurrence, and was never at a loss for a word. His phrasing was simple and direct, he spoke as a pioneer to other pioneers and builders with the weight and authority of the oldest and by far the most illustrious, backed up by the still further weight of great deeds accomplished. Yet in all this there was not one syllable of boast, nor an intimation that he considered himself superior to his fellow-man in any way that might make other men feel small or sore.

This reminds one of the saying of this old time associate, J. J. Hill, at the opening of the St. Paul, that the lives of those who do the world's work and accomplish great things are usually on a simple order.

The ladies of the Central Methodist Church found themselves called upon to provide for over 260 people, where about 120 had been expected, but they rose splendidly to the occasion.

In conclusion one can not help remarking upon Lord Strathcona's splendid optimism, for in accepting the welcome of the citizens, or in accepting offices, he referred to how much pleasure this or that would afford him, and how much pleasure this or that would give him. And this from a man of 89. When does a man of his calibre feel that his end is near, or does a man of this calibre ever quit till it's over? It gives us an insight into the gigantic optimism of men of this sort in their old age, that they could think of going so far ahead of their fellows and see into the dim future which way they are leading or pushing other men.

Lord Strathcona could not help but feel, in fact conveying that impression, that he felt a very intimate interest in the growth and progress of what he saw around him, and took particular pride in the fact that he had a large share in the making of the west, which should certainly, to him, be some reward for the labors and trials of early days. He is surely the grand old man of Western Canada, and the conscious of old that he has had a hand in, his attitude never suggests that he considers himself above or beyond others.

E. N. R.

If I would not let old age get on me, I would not let old age get on me.

Some one prepared for builders yet unborn. Nor would I be the sated, weary sage Who sees no strange new wonder in each new dawn.

And with me there on what men call the shelf Crowd memories from which I cull the best.

And live old stripes, old kisses, some old jest. For if I be no burden to myself I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If I grant you old age I'll leave the record writ in watered hair. I'll blot each wrinkle wrought by patient care. As oft as one would scan a treasured page.

Knowing by heart each sentence graven there I'd have you know life's evil and life's good. And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it all.

Serene with hope, whatever may befall. As tho' a love-strong spirit ever stood With arm about you, waiting any call.

WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY

STARLAND.

This family theatre is getting daily more popular in Edmonton. Although barely a month has elapsed since its inception, everyone is talking about it. This theatre is owned and operated by the Starland Company, who have twelve theatres in Western Canada and their name is famous throughout the circuit for the refined pictures shown therein. Those who were at Starland last week and at every change this week were agreeably surprised to see the very best class of people. This in itself speaks for the refinement and interest of the pictures exhibited.

Prominent amongst the many interesting features in the programmes may be mentioned—such great stars as "Ray," "Bliss," "Eustace," "Oliver Twist," "Grandfather," "Kendworth," etc., written respectively by Victor Hugo, Goethe, Charles Dickens, Edmund Gurnett and Sir Walter Scott. There is no doubt that from an educational point of view this class of entertainment is unsurpassed for the minds of children and young people, as those of us who are familiar with the writings of their famous authors will appreciate the wonderful portrayal of well-known scenes.

Another attraction is the singing of Mr. Hayden Morris, who is already very popular in the city. On Monday and Tuesday next the feature films are, "Oliver Cromwell," one of the greatest historical characters in the formation of our mighty Empire, and "Brahmin's Miracles," a very educational subject on the customs of our Eastern Empire.

EMPIRE'S NEW BILL.

The second week at the Empire commenced Thursday, the 10th, and will continue until next Wednesday night, and the programme will be changed again on Thursday. This is one day sooner than was at first thought would give the acts playing the Empire time to get to Spokane for the Sunday performances, but it has been definitely decided to change the bill on the Thursday of each week instead of Monday, as was the case last season. By changing the bill Thursday, the chance of a tie-up on the railways in the winter, or the change of running time, delaying performance, reaching Spokane in time, is eliminated.

The headline act this week will be furnished by The Luigi Piccarro Troupe of European acrobats. They are marvels in their line, and will certainly provide some genuine surprises and "thrillers."

A decided novelty will be provided by Canaris, a magician and sleight-of-hand entertainer. Nyle and Simpson are a comedy duo, who do lots of miming, and also sing some new songs. They have a running fire of funny stories to help make things merry, and altogether take the house by storm.

William B. Ramsdell and the Ramsdell Sisters offer a novelty turn. This act is known as the most beautifully dressed in vaudeville in this line. Charles Higgins, a clever violinist, adds another pleasing number to the programme.

The Still City Quartette are bound to please. They have a great baseball song that will without doubt be-

come the talk of the town. Watch the fans!

Alice Pinckston, Edmonton's popular soprano, has chosen a pretty march song for the illustrated number: "Thing of the Girl Down Home." Needless to say, she will please. The Empire Orchestra under Tom Irving will render "Sunshine and Showers."

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Copyright titles that have been recently issued and demanding a higher price must go representing the cream of fiction. Here are a few titles that will make quick buying possible:

"The Black Rag" Louis J. Vance
"The Plum Tree" David Graham Phillips
"Hearts and Masks" Harold McGrath
"Zelda Danerion" Meredith Nicholson
"The Gentleman from Indiana" Booth Tarkington
"Hilmi" William Eldridge
and a host of others.

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